

LEAVES FROM
MY LOG



THOMAS C. GARLAND

To Olive Huntbach
with best wishes from
H.J. Garland

Nov. 29/1913

"Bay View"

H. Austell
Cornwall

Raymond Wilkerson



THE MADMAN AND HIS PISTOL.

LEAVES FROM MY LOG

OF

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' CHRISTIAN WORK
AMONG SAILORS AND OTHERS IN
THE PORT OF LONDON.

BY

THOMAS C. GARLAND,

TWELFTH THOUSAND

London:

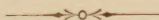
CHARLES H. KELLY, 2, CASTLE ST., CITY RD., E.C.;
AND 26, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1902.

HAYMAN, CHRISTY & LILLY, LTD.,
PRINTERS,
HATTON WORKS, 113-115, FARRINGTON ROAD.
AND 20-22, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.



LIFE OF MR. THOMAS C. GARLAND.



IT has been considered fitting that a short account of Mr. Garland himself should be prefixed to the new edition of his deeply interesting book entitled *Leaves from my Log*. There appeared in the *Christian Herald*, of November 15th, 1882, a portrait of Mr. Garland, and a somewhat full sketch of his life. from which a few extracts are here given, as well as matter derived from other sources. Mr. Garland was born on June 14th, 1821, at Penn, in Buckinghamshire, his father and mother being godly members of the Wesleyan Methodist Society there, in which his father was for many years class leader and society steward. He received his education at the village school, where he was distinguished for his bravery and daring. When eight years old, he fell into a deep pond, and was only saved from drowning by his eldest sister being seized with a feeling that she should at once go to the pond, which she reached just in time to rescue him. Shortly after this

he was nearly crushed by a young horse which had been harnessed to a cart for the first time, and which Thomas had startled by his shouting. At another time a loaded blunderbuss which he was holding in his hand burst into many pieces without injuring him; and subsequently he was nearly killed in a deep well. During these years of youth, the Spirit of God often strove with him, and he would leave his brothers and sisters to pray in quiet places in the fields near his home.

When fourteen years of age, he left home to be apprenticed to a tradesman at Thame, Oxfordshire, and just as he was going he received an inclination to good which has affected blessedly all his life. He was waiting for the arrival of the stage coach on which he was to travel, when his mother, now in heaven, took him aside, saying that she wished to speak to him alone. He followed her into her room; the door was closed, and the mother, turning to him with love in her countenance and tears in her eyes, said tenderly but solemnly: "My dear boy, I want to pray with you once more before you leave us for the busy world, far away from your parents' care." They knelt together, and though nearly fifty years have gone since then, Mr. Garland cannot forget the prayer, and as he thinks of it he fancies that he feels her hands resting on his head, and her tears falling on his neck, as she prayed, "O God,

my dear Father, bless and save my boy." She obtained a promise from him that he would read a portion of God's Word every morning and night, and that he would regularly attend the house of God on Sundays. These things he endeavoured faithfully to carry out. On his first Sunday from home he went to the Wesleyan Chapel, and identified himself with the congregation. On the fourth Sunday of his attendance the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be administered in the evening, and feeling very anxious about his soul, he determined to remain and witness the observance of the ordinance. As he was sitting, a lady came and kindly asked him, "Are you not going up to the Lord's table?" Tears came into his eyes as he said: "No, I am not a member; I am not converted to Christ." But during the solemn service, while the Minister was saying, "He suffered this for you; only believe, and thou shalt see the salvation of God," light broke into his mind, he looked to Christ, the burden of sin was rolled away, and he rejoiced in the favour of God.

He now commenced to work earnestly for Christ, and when he revisits the neighbourhood he finds those who received good through his means. When about twenty-one, his apprenticeship having expired, he came to London, and for some time he was a member at Great Queen Street Wesleyan Chapel. In company with other warm-hearted young men he

preached in the open air, distributed tracts, and laboured in other ways in Drury Lane and St. Giles, which places were then, even more than now, full of iniquity of the vilest kinds. The faithful workers had the happiness of saving some most miserable and degraded sinners.

In a few years he returned to his native village, commenced business for himself, and married Miss Sarah Harvey, of Northwich, Cheshire, whose father was an esteemed member of the Wesleyan Society, and who herself was an enthusiastic and faithful worker in the cause of the Saviour. Their business prospered, and their days were being spent happily, while on Sundays Mr. Garland preached the Gospel : but he felt a desire to work wholly for the souls of men ; and this feeling deepening in intensity, he earnestly asked guidance of the Lord, and in the year 1856 he received from the Committee of the Wesleyan Seamen's Mission the letter to which he refers in the first paragraph of his book. Since that time he has been actively and most successfully employed in that Mission, under the superintendence of the various Ministers who have had charge of it, and his book will show his spirit and his manner of work. Would that we had in Methodism many more labourers so self-denying, so diligent and so successful !

JOHN BEAUCHAMP.



P R E F A C E.



FOR a long time past I have been requested by several ministers and other friends to write a book which should contain a record of some of the more remarkable incidents with which I have met during the twenty-five years of my mission work in the East-end of London. Hitherto a feeling of unwillingness to appear in print has prevented me from acceding to their wishes. Some of my best friends, however, still urging that it would do good to publish a short account of what I have seen effected by the power of Divine grace in many hearts, and to detail some of the results of personal efforts to benefit our fellow-men, I have at length yielded to their wishes ; and earnestly

pray that God may bless this simple record of plain facts, and make use of it to stir up the hearts of all Christians to feel great compassion for the unsaved, and to encourage them to individual, unflagging exertions to bring them to Jesus.

T. C. GARLAND.

11, CLEMENCE STREET,
LIMEHOUSE, E.



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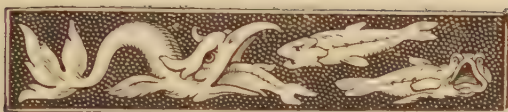
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I.

The Word of God Among Sailors and Others.

—:O:—

HOW I CAME TO BE A SEAMEN'S MISSIONARY.

THE circumstances attending my entrance upon the work of a missionary to sailors were somewhat remarkable. In the year 1856 I received a letter from a member of the Wesleyan Seamen's Committee, stating that their lay agent had left the Mission, and that they were in want of some one to take his place. The letter concluded with the following words: "It is a great pity you are not a sailor, for we think you would just do for the work." On reading the letter my wife immediately said, "Here is a call to London: I feel certain it is a call which you ought to listen to."

I thought otherwise; for I was in a good business, and doing well for my family. But the words "a call to London" were so impressed upon

my mind that I could not feel comfortable all day. I had long and ardently desired to be employed in the Lord's work: so I wrote the next day to the secretary this sentence, and no more, "Is it necessary for your agent to be a sailor?" The Committee invited me to meet them in London at once; there they explained the nature of the work required, and then unanimously requested me to become their missionary. After a little thought and much prayer I accepted their proposals, and within fourteen days from their first invitation I had sold my business in the country, and had removed with my family to London, where I have spent the most useful and happy part of my life.

GOOD MANNERS ON BOARD SHIP.

It was on September 1st, 1856, that I began my work in connection with the Wesleyan Seamen's Mission. I at once felt the difficulties of my new position; for I had never been on board a ship, and had scarcely ever seen a sailor. However, a gentleman called at the house where I was staying, and, upon my introduction to him as "the new agent," he told me that he was the first man who hoisted the Bethel flag on behalf of the Seamen's Mission, and that it would give him great

pleasure to be the first person to introduce me to the men whom I was engaged specially to seek to benefit. From him I learnt much about ships and their indwellers, and was taught how to address seamen.

From that day to this I have always found, on the part of sailors, a willingness to receive me and my tracts, with but one exception. It was the first day I went on board ship by myself. Knowing no better, I descended to the cabin without speaking or hailing from above. The captain, catching sight of me, shouted, "And who are you? and where do you come from? The quicker you leave this ship the better!" I explained as well as I could that I was a stranger to London, and was employed by the Seamen's Committee to visit the ship, and distribute tracts, &c., to sailors; adding that if I had been wrong in calling on him I sincerely begged his pardon. The good man at once saw the mistake I had made, and kindly said, "Well, whenever you go on a vessel for the future, and find there is any one in the *cabin*, stand on the deck and shout, 'Below!' If it is convenient for you to come down, you will be answered, 'Ay! ay!' If not, the answer will be, 'All right, but wait a while:' because sometimes the master might be dressing himself, or the wife so engaged that it would not be pleasant for a stranger to come down

just then." I saw the wisdom of his remarks, and have not violated the rule since that day.

Seamen, as a class, are open, generous, and easily influenced either for good or evil. This cast of character often leads them into trouble and sin. Manifold as are the perils to which they are exposed at sea, the dangers which meet them on shore are still more numerous and terrible. Indulgence in drink, and choice of bad company, are their specially besetting sins, which lead them into many others. I refer now to common seamen, those who are "before the mast;" but it is a matter for devout thankfulness that there is amongst this much-tempted body of men a large and increasing number of those who love and serve God, and whose manly and consistent piety leavens many a lump afloat. In the Port of London the efforts of our own and kindred societies have been blessed by God in the conversion of many souls; and when a sailor is truly converted we generally find him act at once as a missionary to his messmates, like one who is not ashamed of his Lord, nor indifferent to the souls of those around him.

FATHER AND SON RECONCILED.

The ordinary work of a Seamen's Mission consists chiefly in the distribution of tracts, holding

religious conversations on board ship and in lodging-houses, and inviting the men to God's house on the Sabbath. If they can be induced to attend to religion and its services, sailors soon find that in so doing they have lost nothing that was worth keeping, but, on the contrary, are great gainers. I have often seen some affecting meetings, as well as partings, in God's house : for instance, the meeting of two schoolfellows from Guernsey after thirty years' absence, during which interval both had been converted to God. But I look back with special pleasure to the following case, and to the part which I had the happiness of playing in it.

For several years I had known Captain B., and I had made many attempts to bring about a reconciliation between him and his eldest son, who was mate of a vessel, and to whom, in consequence of his second marriage, he had not spoken for a very long time. But my efforts had been all in vain ; the father continuing to blame the son, and the son the father. One Sunday afternoon the son attended our reading-room, and, knowing that his father was in port and might possibly drop in, looked up eagerly every time the door opened. As the table was being cleared for tea, the captain walked into the lobby of the chapel, and I invited him into the reading-room ; but he professed to be "in a great hurry." I pressed him hard just to

look in while I spoke a few words to the men. At length he yielded and went in, I following him and closing the door, so that he could not easily make his escape.

Almost the first man the captain saw in the room was his own son. Both of them looked confused, and some moments passed in painful suspense. At length the young man rose from his seat, held out his hand to his father, and said, "Come, father, let us be reconciled. It is *my* fault: I am the youngest and ought to honour my father. I ask for forgiveness." The father was much affected, and exclaimed, "Not *all* your fault, James. But let us be friends again." Holding each other's hands, they fell on their knees, and with tears and prayers implored "the good Lord" to have mercy on them and forgive the past, and to help them for the future to live united and Christ-like. It was a touching scene, and all the men and boys present were in tears.

On his next voyage the captain was drowned. His son now commands his father's ship, and does his best for the widow and children. To God be all the glory!

THE BOY WHO HAD HAD "A STROKE."

When visiting amongst the monkey-boats in the Regent's Canal, a man invited me below, and, having lit his pipe, delivered himself as follows: "You see, master, I want to open my mind to a man like you. My mistress is gone shopping: so you can sit down there and listen to me. One of my boys was up at your chapel, and he's got a stroke, or something like it. Now, my wife thinks we ought to take him to a doctor or hospital; but I says he ought to go to your chapel again. Afore he went there, he was cursing and swearing all the day, and he'd drink—ah! like a fish. But since that day, at your chapel, he began to read the Bible and 'Milk for Babes,' and kneels down to pray morning and night. Then he's like a new chap; he don't mind holding the child, and he will help his mother like a great big wench. Only he cries so; he even cries in his sleep; and it's all about 'mercy,' and 'Jesus,' and a 'burden,' and talk like that. And we wants to know shall we take him to your place or to the hospital?"

I inquired where the boy was, as I should like to see him."

"Only on another boat; I'll soon call him."

He did so, and the lad came immediately. I found that he was a true penitent, troubled on

account of sin, and not far from the cross of Christ. While I was speaking to him of faith and the way of salvation, his mother returned, and, throwing her arms round his neck, cried out, "My poor boy, how is your head?"

"'Taint my head, mother; it's my heart."

I then proposed that we should all get on our knees and pray. We all knelt down, but the mother suggested holding the boy's head. To this I made objection, saying, "Leave him to me; I will take care of him." I then repeated some of Christ's invitations, and after a time the lad exclaimed,

"The burden's gone; I see the blood; I feel it washes me quite clean. O, I am so happy, mother, father; O, I am so happy."

After we had risen from our knees, the wife said to her husband,

"John, if you were to go to that chapel and get a change like this, it would do you no harm."

"No, not a bit of harm," said John, "but a great deal of good. And suppose *you* went, Sarah; your temper and sins would go too. Come, let us begin life afresh."

We all knelt down again, and they both promised to be "sober, pious, and good."

THE LODGING-HOUSE.

Visiting a lodging-house one day, I found there several men and women, some smoking, others playing at cards or dominoes. These were soon put on one side, for copies of the *British Workman* to take their place. When I had read a little incident out of one number, a man suggested that we should have a song; a proposal to which I agreed, saying, "Let me have the first." I began to read the hymn,

"Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?"

and inquired if any one present could start a tune. A female immediately struck up *Rousseau's Dream*, but, after singing a few lines, her voice failed and she could not proceed. I read the remainder of the hymn, and, after addressing a few words to the men, I sought the young woman, who had left the room, and asked her where she had learnt that tune.

She replied, "Do not ask me."

"But I must ask you." And I again inquired "Where did you first learn to sing that tune?"

"Please do not ask me. I am going to hell with my eyes open, and cannot think or speak of the past; it's more than I can bear. Leave me, O leave me alone, a vile, polluted, lost sinner!"

"Once more, will you tell me where you learnt that tune?"

"Then, if you must know, it was in Old Gravel Lane Wesleyan Sunday-School;" and she mentioned her teacher's name and other particulars.

I told her that I knew the place well, and had often preached in it. She then inquired after several persons by name. At length I asked,

"Are you happy in the life you are living?"

Oh, the look she gave me, as she replied, "Could you carry fire in your bosom, and not feel it? I have a constant burning here"—placing her hand on her heart—"that is eating away my very life. Death would be a relief, yet I am afraid to die. O that I had never been born!"

From her own lips I learnt that she had been living on the streets about five years. When I inquired, "Will you give up this life of sin and shame if a home can be found for you?" the proposal seemed to present a new idea to her; she was about to reply, but hesitated, and, at last, holding her shawl over her eyes, she exclaimed,

"I have tried often to mend, but my companions found me out, and I fell again."

"Will you make one more effort if I can find you a home?"

There was no direct reply, but, pressing my hand, she asked, "Did God send you to me?"

I left her with a promise to come again in the evening ; and, after making arrangements with the matron of a Home, I called for her and took her to her new abode. There she continued for a considerable time, and gave constant evidence of a renewed heart. Subsequently she went out to service, and lived a most consistent life : ultimately was married to a respectable tradesman, and is now the mother of two children and member of a Christian church.

FRUIT FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

At our reading-room one Sunday afternoon we had been singing the lines,

“ Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,
And given me back at Thy command ;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of Thine hand,”

when a sailor rose and spoke as follows : “Glory be to God, I feel happy in His love. I am a stranger to most of you, and perhaps Mr. Garland does not recollect me, for it is some years since I was in London ; but the last voyage here I shall never forget. We were lying in the river, when you came and invited us all to this place. I had been cursing and swearing at the men, when you

put your hand on my shoulder and repeated solemnly the third Commandment. For some time your look of pity and reproof haunted me like a ghost. Before I left London I bought a Bible and left off swearing. Still I could not be happy ; and in this state did I continue till we reached Calcutta, where I soon fell ill and was taken to the hospital. There my Bible became my constant companion.

“One Sunday, as I was reading, a young man in the next bed inquired, ‘What book is that you are reading?’ I told him it was the Word of God. He wept, and begged me to read aloud to him, telling me that he was a sailor from England and wanted comfort. I read a little to him, but he interrupted me, saying, ‘Please read to me about Jesus saving the people and pardoning their sins. I am a great sinner, and shall not leave this place till I am *carried* out. My sins trouble me much : O read a little about Jesus calling poor sinners.’ I got the nurse to push my bed a little nearer to him, and we had a nice bit of talk together. He told me that when he was in London he received a tract and an ‘invitation paper’ to this place. He came once, and liked the meeting much : nobody spoke to him, but what he heard stuck to him like pitch. ‘The next week,’ he said, ‘I sailed for India. Since then God has laid His hand on me,

and I know I shall soon die, and I do want to love Jesus and to go home to heaven.'

"Now, sir," continued the man, "I was not quite a Christian myself, but God blessed me to that dying sailor. I never prayed with him once, but I read the Bible to him every day till he died; and, O, that day I shall never forget. He sang, 'Jerusalem, my happy home!' Then he talked about angels and golden streets, and 'the better land,' and how near Jesus was to him. He told us that all was done,—he was waiting the word to coil up the ropes and enter the harbour. And when he did go off the room felt like heaven, and many of the inmates said, 'Tis a pity he's gone off so soon; his talk made our hearts feel soft like.' He talked much about this place, and I promised that if I was spared to come to England I would call and let you know that your labours are not all lost." To God be all the praise!

A NEW GAME AT CARDS.

One Sunday morning, visiting the vessels lying in the Regent's Canal basin, I found three captains playing at cards. When I had bidden them "Good morning," and shaken hands with them, one of them—the captain of the ship I was on—asked,

"Will you join us in a game or two?"

I replied, "Yes, with great pleasure, but not till you have finished that game."

One said, "But aren't you a Methodist?"

"Yes, I am."

"And will you play a game on the Sabbath-day?"

"Yes, I will join you."

There were some smiles, and sharp nods of their heads towards each other. At length one of them said,

"John, he's only chaffing you; it's more than his place is worth to play at cards."

But I gave my word that I *would* join them when their present game was over. When it was finished there was quite a little stir, and the captain, gathering up the cards, called out,

"Now then, my lad, will you shuffle them, or shall I?"

"You may place them on one side," I replied; "they are old and greasy; I won't touch them. I have a new pack in my pocket, which has never been used; and as it is the Sabbath, we cannot have a better day for beginning with them."

I shall not soon forget their looks of astonishment at the mention of "new cards" to be introduced by the missionary. Taking the cards out of my pocket, I said, "They don't need shuffling;

I will serve them round. It matters not how many are present, all can play." The cards were embellished with texts of Scripture, and had been given me by Miss Hill, of Lewisham, for distribution. When eight cards had been dealt out to each person, we took them up to see what they were.

"Ah! we are licked," said one of the captains; "he has done us brown and clean. How are we to play with these things?"

I asked them to be seated, and I would show them the game. I then took my card and read, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Now it was the next man's turn, and he read, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The third man read, "Look to Jesus," and the fourth, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." In the second round of reading my text was, "Unto you, O men, I call;" and in this way we continued until all the cards had been used up.

When this game was over, it appeared to be a great relief to the men; and yet they seemed uneasy. I offered to change cards with the captain:

"Yours are old and greasy, only fit for fishes; let me throw them over the ship's side, and you shall have my new ones."

"Done!" he shouted; "it is a good exchange."

I then proposed prayer, and two of them joined me in kneeling, but the other one declined, saying, "I like a bit of tobacco, and will have a little draw while you hold forth." But, thank God, the Holy Spirit soon began to work on his heart, and, dropping the pipe out of his mouth, he sank on his knees, weeping.

Before leaving I invited them to God's house, but not one of them would promise to come ; so I shook hands, went on board the next vessel, and, when my work was done, hastened to the chapel. What was my surprise to find my three card-playing captains present there, listening to the Gospel ! The minister's subject proved to be the sin of backsliding. On leaving the chapel I followed one of the three and asked how he had enjoyed the service.

"Ah ! my lad," said he, "you ought not to have been so hard on a fellow. You must have made haste to tell the parson about me, and he's been hitting me from the beginning to the end. Like Peter, I am a backslider."

I assured him that I had not seen the preacher that day until he was in the pulpit, and that I had not breathed a word about our morning card-playing to a living soul. It was the Holy Spirit that was calling him back ; would he listen and obey ?

"Yes," he replied, "I will, God being my helper."

He spent most of that day with us at the chapel, and on the following Tuesday, after we had been praying with him about forty minutes, light broke in upon his soul, and he was enabled to rejoice in God his Saviour. I am glad to be able to add that this man still holds on his way.

STRANGE INTERRUPTION IN A CLASS-MEETING.

As I was concluding a class-meeting, consisting of about thirty members and several seamen, a sailor said to me, "Hold on a minute;" and, walking across the vestry, he went up to one of the men, and said,

"Why, Jem, is that you?"

"Yes," was the answer, "it's me myself; but who be you?"

"Oh, you'll know soon who I be. Who was it knocked you down in a drunken spree, and gave you that scar on your face? This is the hand"—holding up his right hand—"that done it; but it will never knock another down, for I'm converted."

"Praise the Lord!" cried the other man; "but what made the change?"

"Oh, I received a tract from a missionary, and

it led me to Christ. But what brought you about ship?"

"Why, 'twas in this chapel a while back, when the sermon went all the way to my soul, and from that night I began to pray and read the Bible; and, bless His name, He soon pardoned all my sins; and now I belong to this class. I say, Jack, don't you remember how you and I used to meet at the 'Rising Sun' and sing,

' We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear? '

Give me your hand; let's have another song."

And, hand in hand, with tears running down their faces, they sang:

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine."

And then, as they and the other members fell on their knees, there went up to heaven such prayers, praises and shouts as I shall not soon forget.

JAMES AND HIS PERSECUTORS.

At one of our love-feasts a sailor stood up and spoke as follows:

"My dear friends and shipmates, it is through



JAMES AND HIS PERSECUTORS,

the Lord's mercy I am here once more. It was in this room God converted my never-dying soul, and took my burden of sin away, for which I will praise Him as long as I live. But, although religion is the best thing a man can have, yet the Christian has his trials and conflicts." And here, after relating how God had blessed him in going out and in coming home, he recounted some of his trials on board ship. "When I am reading my Bible, one of the crew will throw an old shoe and put the lamp out. Sometimes, when on my knees at prayer, they will catch hold of my legs and lay me flat on the floor, and then laugh at my devotions, singing their filthy songs. Surely if any one has been persecuted for Christ's sake, James Parsons is the man." Here the poor man's tears ran freely down his face, and for some time he could not proceed. "There's that chap in the corner," pointing to one of his shipmates; "he has teased me more than all the others put together. Yes, Jack, you know that's true. For months you have been peck, peck, pecking at me like a wolf; and if you do not alter the devil will have you. But O, Jack, my soul is full of love and pity for you, and there's nothing but what I would do for you if you would be a Christian. Don't think I have hard thoughts of you because of your past unkindness. I freely forgive you, and"—

walking to the place where Jack was sitting—"here's my hand ; but, oh ! if you knew how much I have felt your persecutions you would never tease me again. Here, Jack, let us shake hands and be like brothers."

This was too much for poor Jack. He gave his hand to Jem and tried to speak, but could not, and kneeling down he wept like a child. James caught my hand, saying, "Praise the Lord ! kind words go a long way. I thought I should kill him some day. Let me pass ; it will do me good to pray side by side with him." And with zeal and earnestness, never to be forgotten, he poured forth his prayers and supplications for this broken-hearted penitent.

ONCE A SLAVE, NOW A FREE MAN.

One day I met with a coloured man in Commercial Road, and, thinking he was a seaman, I invited him to our reading-room. He answered that he was then going to the theatre, but would call in another time. I tried my best to dissuade him from going to the play, but all in vain ; go he would. A few days afterwards I saw him again, and in reply to my repeated entreaties he told me that he had promised to go to a "free concert."

From further conversation I found that his mother was living, and was a class-leader in the West Indies. I pressed him to give up the concert and come to God's house ; but his reply was, "I had quite enough of chapel when I was a boy at home with my mother." Then he hesitated a little, and I asked him what he was thinking about.

"O," he said, "I was thinking to ask you to go with me to the concert, and then I would come to your chapel the following Sunday."

To this arrangement I agreed, and we went together to the concert at the beer-shop.

The room was soon filled with young men and women, and a blind fiddler was placed in the leading position. The performance was about to begin, when I said to my coloured companion, "So your mother is a Methodist, is she?"

"Yes."

"And a class-leader?"

"Yes, I told you before she was."

And he seemed to be getting angry. After a little pause I inquired,

"On what evening does she meet her class?"

"Thursdays, at eight o'clock."

"Did you ever go with her to class?"

"Ah, many times : but shut up your talk, you'll spoil my evening ; I'll change my seat."

I held his hand and said, "I will only ask you

one more question : what would she say if she saw you in such a place and in such company ? ”

The man burst into tears, and, shaking his fist in my face, exclaimed, “ You great fool ! I wish to God I had never seen you ! ” and then left the room, just as a young female was singing the first song.

I lost no time in following him ; but, although I walked, watched, and waited for a long time that evening, I did not see him, and was obliged to content myself with silent prayer that this wayward son might be brought to the feet of Him whom the mother loved and worshipped.

On the following Sunday afternoon, however, he came into our meeting, was greatly affected, and during tea wept much ; but I thought it best not to interrupt this wholesome flow of feeling by speaking to him just then. Grace having been sung, the service was begun with prayer, and then any one was at liberty to speak. Accordingly, first one man, then another, spoke of their school-days, of their teachers and mothers, and of home influences generally, and particularly of the Sunday evening singing and family prayer. Hereupon the young man fell on his knees and cried aloud, “ God be merciful to me a sinner ! ” Prayer was offered up for him and for the others who were seeking the Lord, and just as the minister con-

cluded a very earnest prayer, the coloured man arose with a smile on his face, and, clapping his hands together, shouted aloud, "Glory to God! glory to God! I came in here a slave, I go out a free man. My sins are all gone; my mother's prayers are answered, and I am saved."

He remained in port a few weeks, giving satisfactory evidence of a change of heart; then he sailed to his own country, and thence to New York, where he felt an earnest desire to preach the Gospel. He soon found plenty of work in the New World, and it became the opinion of some observers that he was Divinely called to the ministry. Letters were written to me and to the minister connected with the Mission, inquiring about his conversion and all that was known respecting him. We answered the queries as well as we could, and soon afterwards had the pleasure of hearing that he was fully received as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which capacity he still labours, and is blessed with great success in winning souls to Christ.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

When in the Surrey Docks one day, a captain told me the history of his conversion. It was as follows:—

His son, who had been at sea a few months, was taken very ill and kept to his bed. The father, though a prayerless man, loved his children much and one Sunday he proposed that he should remain at home while his wife went to chapel. Sitting on his boy's bed, he took his hand and said,

"You will soon be better, my boy : do not fret."

After a little silence the child said,

"Dear father, that is what the doctor tells you, but I feel sure I never shall. Something within me tells me I shall die."

The father was deeply affected and so was the little boy, who at length said,

"I am not afraid to die, father. In the Seamen's Chapel, in London, I found Jesus, and all my sins were blotted out, and heaven will be my home very soon."

"Then, my dear boy, why do you weep so?"

"Dear father, can you forgive me if I tell you? Will you feel angry with me?"

"O no, my boy : if you have done anything wrong, confess it, and I will forgive you."

"Well, dear father, it is not myself, but it is *your* life that makes me weep. You never will stay upstairs while mother reads the Bible and prays with us. I pray every day for you, dear father ; so does mother ; but you must——"

"Here he stopped, he could get no further. The

father's heart was touched, and, kneeling down, he said,

"O, my dear boy, I *must* pray,—I'll begin just now, *this very moment.*"

The little boy cried, "Hallelujah!" and then appeared to be unconscious for some time: but when his mother returned home, he said to her,

"Mother, he says he will—he says he—will. Now I can die and go home."

The mother did not understand his meaning; but when all had retired to rest, her husband told her all that had taken place, and for the first time in their lives they knelt down both together and joined in prayer to God. Early the following morning the boy appeared to be calling some one; and his parents, entering his bedroom, found him with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and heard him exclaim,

"Father's coming! O blessed Saviour, father says he is coming—*all—all* coming."

And then his happy spirit departed to the heaven which he was so anxious that his father should gain.



II.

General Work and Success.



A HARD CASE.

ONE day a lady called upon me to tell me of a young man who was very ill and was supposed to be near death, and who, although he had received a religious education, had lived a wicked life. She desired me to visit him as soon as possible, that I might speak to him about his soul. "But," she added, "you must be prepared for any answer he might give. Hitherto he will not allow any person to pray or read the Bible with him. He is a desperate young man, and he may insult you."

As soon as I conveniently could, I called at the house indicated, found the door open, and walked in. In answer to my knock at the door of the sitting-room a voice said, "Come in," and entering I found the young man above mentioned, in a very weak state. Consumption had nearly completed its fatal work, and I could see that there was no hope of the prolongation of his life. He was a little

excited at my presence, and inquired with some feeling if I was come to torment him about religion. I answered, "No."

"Are you come to preach and pray to a man who does not want it?"

"No, I can do that to other persons."

A violent fit of coughing now came on, and I was fearful lest he might rupture a blood-vessel and die. It was a solemn moment: yet I felt afraid to utter a single word. After a short interval he appeared inclined to be more agreeable, and informed me that the doctor would not tell him what he thought of his illness. I said,

"To my mind that seems a great mistake."

"Well, then, what do you think?"

I hesitated.

"Come, tell me: what do you think of me?"

"Well, I think, in less than a month you will be dead."

"And then?" he inquired.

"And then damned—unless you repent of your sins, and seek mercy at the feet of Jesus. But, as you object to converse on these subjects, I will say farewell."

And so I took my leave.

On the following morning I called again, and found him in tears. A small Bible lay partly under his pillow. After a few inquiries as to his

appetite, sleep, and other matters, I took my hat, and, shaking his hand, bade him good morning.

"Are you going away like that?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "I must go."

"What's your hurry?"

"Well, I can do you no good, and why should I stay longer? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, no;" and then tears began to roll down his cheeks like rain, and holding my hand he said, "I want you; I want you——" but he could not finish the sentence.

"You want me to pray for you?"

"O yes, very much. I am a great sinner and deserve hell."

I read a few verses from the Bible, and prayed God to save his precious soul.

Three days afterward I was called up very early to see him. I found him in great distress, crying, "O my soul, my poor soul! I've wasted my life for empty bubbles."

After prayer I gave him a copy of the hymn,

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

and requested him to read it through and through. He did so, and God blessed it to him. The following day, before I entered the house, I could hear him singing, "Thy blood was shed for me." I saw that he was near his end.

Taking hold of my hand he said, "Ah! good news! About eleven o'clock last night I was saying, 'Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,' when I saw the Saviour; yes, I *saw* Him stand just there, and He smiled—yes, He really smiled—and said, 'Thy sins are all forgiven.' I have had such a blessed night, all joy, all comfort. I shall shout loud in 'my Father's house on high.'"

He then desired me to read the twenty-third Psalm; and while I was reading, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," he gently said, "Stay there a little while. I feel sinking: fetch mother, and Mary"—his wife. When they came in, he desired to be propped up in the bed, and then said to his mother, "I am dying, and going to heaven. I know you will be there. Forgive me all the past."

The mother could only nod her head; her heart was too full for speech.

Then to his wife he said, "My dear Mary, be kind to mother for my sake, and seek that mercy you need before you lie on a sick bed. It has been hard work for me, but God's love is boundless. Promise to meet me there"—looking upward.

The wife's promise was given to the dying husband, who then exclaimed, "Thank God, I can die now. Surely I am in 'the valley,' but it is all light; 'I will fear no evil.' Thou art with me."

And so, with peaceful confidence, his renewed spirit passed away, to be for ever with the Lord.

THE BAILIFF AND THE SHOEMAKER.

A shoemaker in Commercial Road, at whose shop I dealt when I first came to live in London, in consequence of circumstances over which he had no control, was very much pressed for money. He paid his creditors all the cash he had, and begged for time to meet their requirements: but this was refused, and a bailiff was put into his house to take care of the furniture and other goods till a sale took place. This was a great trouble to the good man; but he was not ashamed of the religion which he had professed when in better circumstances. On the first evening that they were favoured with the company of the legal visitor, the shoemaker, after he and his wife and the bailiff had taken supper, said to the man,

“I have an old strange Book I like to read, and if you have no objection, I will read a chapter.”

“All right, master; ’tis your house; do just as if I was not here.”

The Bible was handed down, and a chapter was read; after which the shoemaker said,

“We have another strange fashion, and perhaps



THE BAILIFF AND THE SHOEMAKER.

you will join us. Let us kneel down and praise Almighty God for all His goodness."

They all knelt down, and the good man thanked his Heavenly Father for all His past mercies, and prayed that strength and faith might be given him in his present troubles. Neither did he forget to pray for the bailiff kneeling beside him, nor for the creditors who were so hasty in pressing their claims to the uttermost.

When they rose up the bailiff took his hat and said,

"Good night, sir. No man can pray like this and be a thief."

Then, hastening to the broker, who was employed to distrain on the goods, he said,

"Master, that's a godly man; his goods and furniture are all safe; 'tis a shame to put him to more expense. Let me go home; I'll answer for all; I never heard such a prayer before."

The broker consented; the man went home; as he had anticipated, all was safe, and the sale took place as arranged on the third day, leaving the poor shoemaker penniless.

After the sale was over, the bailiff went to this pious man, and begged him to pray for him and to talk to him about the Lamb of God, telling him,

"Your prayer made me shiver and shake, and I

feel like falling to pieces ; and if I should the devil would have me."

The man of God prayed with him, and pointed him to those words of the Saviour who died for him, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." The penitent was enabled to come to Christ and to exercise faith in Him, was made happy in God, and went home singing and shouting so loud that his wife inquired whether he had turned "Ranter!"

"What's that?" inquired the husband.

"O, them people that's filled with the Spirit so full that they are always shouting 'Glory!'"

To which he replied, "I will find them out to-morrow and join them." And he kept his word.

THE WOMAN WITH THE "HORRID TEMPER."

Calling, one day, to see a man on some business I found him in deep trouble, and the house in a dirty, untidy condition. In answer to my inquiries as to the source of his trouble, he said,

"Well, Mr. Garland, you have known me for many years, and I am sure you will believe me when I tell you that I have done my best, and am still doing my best, to get employment and to provide for my family. It is now three weeks

since my wife has spoken a kind word to me, and I can't live like this. I have been asking her to shake hands, and I was willing to forget and forgive all the past, but she will not. I have been standing here nearly an hour, but she won't give in."

The wife was seated, holding in her lap a large pan of potatoes, which she was peeling for dinner. Turning towards her, I appealed to her to shake hands with her husband and be friends; but, fixing her eyes on me, she said,

"No, I never will! When my temper is up, I am a very demon."

"Yes," I replied; "you look like one. But there's hope even for you. Come," I continued, taking her husband's hand, "be reconciled one to the other." But she dashed his hand away, crying,

"No, I never will, except you go on your knees to me, which you will not to such a woman as I am."

"O, yes," I said, "that I will with pleasure;" and, kneeling down on the dirty floor, I urged her to take her husband's advice and try to "live and love together."

When she saw me kneeling at her feet, she rose up immediately, scattering the potatoes all over the floor, and breaking the pan in many pieces; and, exclaiming, "No, no, no! I cannot bear this," she

threw her arms round her husband's neck, and began to weep and cry.

"O, my horrid temper! If you will forgive me, I promise before my God I will never act so wickedly again."

The desired forgiveness was gladly given, and I left the couple busy at picking up the potatoes, laughing the while like children at play. It was the happy beginning of a new era in their married life. I have visited them many times since, but have never heard a cross word exchanged, or seen an angry look on either face; and both are now consistent members of the Church of Christ.

THE STAMMERING BOXER.

Adam S—— was much given to drink, and had for some years been a great boxer and prize-fighter; in which "sport" he was so injured that he will carry the marks to his grave. He was also a dog-fighter, and kept several game cocks, spending most of his Sundays in brutal diversions. But by the providence of God he was led to hear a Wesleyan minister preach, and the word was like an arrow to his soul. For several days and nights the hand of God was heavy upon him, and he could neither eat nor drink. At length God in His

great mercy revealed Himself to him, and he was enabled to sing from his heart,

“ My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.”

The next day he told his wife that he should kill all his dogs and cocks ; but she thought that, as they were poor, he ought to *sell* them. This, however, he refused to do, saying, “ They have done plenty for the devil ; and if I sell them, they will still fight ; so I will kill them at once ; ” a resolution which he immediately carried into effect.

Soon after his conversion he was anxious to be employed in some field of evangelic labour ; but as he had an impediment in his speech, it was a difficult point on which to advise. At length, however, he determined to visit the ships in the Victoria Docks every Sunday, if our committee would supply him with tracts. As he lived in that neighbourhood his request was gladly acceded to, and he was made a great means of blessing to the captains and sailors who frequented those docks. But Adam had an idea that it was his duty to go and preach the Gospel in a certain “ court,” where were to be found men and women of the worst description ; and, having made it a subject of prayer, he commenced operations one Sunday morning. Few persons were to be seen about, but as he walked down the court singing, “ I love

Jesus," etc., people soon put their heads out of the windows, to see and hear this new comer. When he had finished his hymn, he began to tell what God had done for his soul, and declared that He who had delivered him from depths of darkness and despair was willing to make them all happy and to fit them for glory. The impediment in his speech served some of them as a pretext for annoyance, but from an upper window came a cheering voice,

"Glad to hear that news. Will you come again?"

"Yes," was the noble reply ; "next Sunday morning I shall be here again, to tell 'the old, old story of Jesus and His love.'"

Accordingly he continued this "open-air" service for several weeks, and God blessed His simple speech to many souls.

At the corner of the court was a large gin-shop, the proprietor of which soon found that Adam's preaching so affected some of his customers in that locality that they kept outside of his doors, and went to chapel. His takings became at last so small that he was determined to put a stop to the preaching ; and, standing at his door, he said to Adam, who had just finished his little service,

"You old vagabond ! I give you notice that I'll stop your preaching next Sunday.'

Adam looked the man full in the face, and said,

"You'll s—s—stop me? I'll—I'll—I'll tell my—my—my Father about you."

"And who is your father?" cried out the landlord, with a dreadful oath. "I defy him and all his children, and I swear I *will* stop you next Sunday."

Adam's answer was, "I'll tell my—my—my Father to—to stop—stop—stop you from—from—from stopping me next Sunday."

When the next Sunday came, Adam found all the blinds of the publican's windows drawn down, and, on inquiring of the potboy where his master was, received the startling answer, "Dead!" The good man was greatly affected at the announcement, and said, "I did not think my—my—my Father would a—a—answer my prayer like that."

This was a remarkable case; the particulars I have given are indisputable, and require no comment from me.

FAMILY PRAYER BEGUN AFRESH.

A young man who was converted to God under a sermon delivered by one of our ministers, told me that both his father and his mother were backsliders, and had given up family prayer and reading the Bible, and asked me whether I thought it was *his* place to ask them to begin again. He had already informed them of his conversion, but they

had not replied to his letter. I advised him to write again, and to introduce the subject as soon as he returned to live at home. When he arrived at his father's house a few weeks after, he found his parents well, but not inclined for much talk. The evening passed away, and soon the lamps were lit for bed, when the son said,

"Father, there was a time when you used to read the Bible to us and have prayers. I do so wish you would begin afresh."

There was a long and painful pause. At last the mother, taking up her apron and wiping her eyes, said,

"Do, father, take Tom's advice. I have not felt happy for years. Let us begin at once. What do you say?"

"What do I say? Tom can read and pray if he likes; I shall go to bed. God won't hear me."

The old man took his lamp and went up to bed. After a little conversation the mother and son read the Scriptures, and then offered up their earnest prayers to God for the father and for themselves.

On going up to bed the son thought his father was calling him, and hastened into the bedroom. But, oh! what a welcome scene met his view! His father, not yet undressed, was on his knees at prayer. Within a few days every member of the family became a happy partaker of pardoning

mercy in Christ, and could rejoice in possessing the inward witness of sins forgiven ; and they still live to declare the goodness of God, and to testify the blessed effects of morning and evening family prayers.

A RAMBLE IN RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY.

One day I received a letter from a gentleman in the north of London, stating that his brother, who was a sailor, and whose ship had been paid off at Liverpool, had left that place with about seventy pounds in his pocket, and all that he could learn about him was that he had declared his intention of going to London to have a "good spree." He thought it probable that the young man was lodging somewhere in the east of London, and urged me not to spare expense, but, if possible, to find him and get him into respectable apartments. Being furnished with the name and other particulars, I began my search, and carried it on for two days without success ; but on the third day I found my man. He had lost most of his money in a fight, had met with a serious fall, and, through drink and bad company, was in a loathsome condition. I removed him to a decent lodging, and at his brother's request, procured

him clothes and other necessities, and when he was sufficiently recovered, endeavoured to get him a berth on a ship with a pious captain.

For about three months I saw him daily ; and when he was quite able to go to sea, I asked a friend of mine if he was willing to take him to New Zealand.

"Yes," was the reply, "if he has a character, I will take him."

I told him there was no question about the character, for it was one of the worst I had ever known.

For a moment the captain was startled ; but at length he said, "I must tell my Father : I tell Him everything : I believe in prayer. Call to-morrow at breakfast time ; I shall have the answer by then."

When I called on the following morning, I found the captain reading the Bible, as a preliminary to family prayer. His reply to me was, "My Father says I must take him. Let us pray."

The next day I took the young sailor to the office, where he signed the ship's articles, and then signed the temperance pledge for life. I saw him on board, and at parting told him that we should remember him in our prayers at home and at the chapel.

It was the custom of the worthy captain above

mentioned to get his men into his cabin, and then to talk with them about their souls and pray with them; and many seamen have owed their conversion to these devout efforts. On the return of the vessel to London I was very anxious to learn from the captain the young man's character. His verdict was: "He is a good man, and will make his way in the world. He not only professes religion, but he *has* it, and many on board have felt its blessed reality."

Since then, this son of the sea, whom I found in such a dreadful plight in Ratcliffe Highway, has passed as mate and as master, and now is in command of one of the finest vessels afloat.

THE HALF-WITTED SAILOR AND THE INFIDEL.

A half-witted sailor, who had been converted in one of our meetings, thought he had a call to preach, and often would take his stand in Commercial Road, singing, praying, and exhorting sinners to come to Jesus. Though at times he was much persecuted by boys, who threw stones and rotten eggs, yet he persevered, and not in vain; for God blessed the words of this poor, "silly" man to several of the passers by, and they were led to repentance and faith in Christ. One

Saturday evening he was so filled with the Spirit that, after a short service, he gave out that on the following afternoon he would preach in Leman Street, Whitechapel. At the time appointed "happy Jack" was at his post, surrounded by a large number of men, women, and boys. After singing and prayer he began to tell them about his conversion and the love of Christ. Some laughed and jeered him; and at length a well-dressed elderly man interrupted him, saying,

"I am an infidel, and do not believe your Bible, nor the statements you are making. I will put a few questions to you, and shall expect a simple answer to each of them."

At this poor Jack seemed pleased, thinking probably that the questions would of course refer to his own conversion. But the queries proved to be of quite another character; and the crowd, noticing his perplexity, pressed nearer and nearer, behaving in a very unseemly manner. The infidel, taking encouragement, became more and more determined to have the sailor's answers.

In this dilemma Jack sang out, "Let us have a bit of prayer on the subject."

"Prayer? No; what has prayer to do with it?" asked the infidel.

"A great deal to do with it," responded Jack "for when I am in a fix I goes to my Father, and

He always helps me ; and He will do so again. Come, let's get on our knees."

And seeing his troublesome questioner was indisposed to accede to this proposition, Jack seized him by his long beard and dragged him down on his knees ; then, holding him fast, he poured forth a prayer for strength from above to enable him to hold on his way to glory ; and also that the Holy Spirit might come down and convince and convert "this base, wicked, and long-bearded infidel."

Such a prayer, uttered by such a strange man under such strange circumstances, acted like magic on the people gathered around, and they raised a mighty shout, "Amen and amen !"

Then Jack gave the unbeliever his liberty, saying, "May the Holy Ghost first kill and then cure you !"

The man walked away, but had not gone far when some one shouted to him, "Old boy, you could puzzle him on your legs a little, but on your knees he's licked you as clean as a whistle."

The result showed that God still makes use of despised and, to some eyes, ridiculous instruments "to confound the wise." The arrow of the Almighty, winged from such a homely bow, entered the heart of the infidel, and he went home, not to rest, but to pray. Soon he put his blasphemous books in the fire, became a diligent student of the

Word of God, and casting himself on the merits of Christ for pardon and salvation, found the peace "which passeth all understanding." He is now a useful local preacher, and spends his wealth and talent in the Master's cause.

A LITTLE BOY'S INTEREST IN A SABBATH-BREAKER.

A greengrocer in Limehouse had for many years opened his shop regularly on the Lord's Day, and not only ridiculed all who attended a place of worship, but took great interest in trying to get places of amusement opened on the Sabbath. He was a great blasphemer, and used to boast that he knew "the vulgar tongue" better than any other man in the parish. The case of this poor wayward fellow was laid heavily on the heart of a little boy who had recently been converted, and who felt so much for him that when he passed his shop on a Sunday he used to cry and pray earnestly for his salvation.

One day this little boy called on me, and asked me if I would speak to this shopkeeper, or give him a tract. I told him that I could not do that; if God had laid the man on his heart, *he* must do it; adding that all I felt willing to do was to present the little messenger with a tract bearing upon Sunday

*This boy was my Father Henry Garland
Hau-stell Down Missionary.*

trading, and to pray God to give His blessing with it. At this answer the boy turned pale and seemed much distressed. At length, after some consideration, he said,

"If you will oblige me with a stamp, I will pray over the tract and send it by post."

To this proposition I willingly agreed, and it was accordingly carried into effect. When, on the following Saturday, the postman delivered the letter containing the tract, the shopkeeper threw it into his wife's lap as she sat at breakfast, with the words,

"Here's a love-letter for you."

Glancing at the title of the tract, she replied,

"No, it's for you: it's about Sunday trading. You know I never did like it; all the money we gain on the Sunday we appear to lose during the week. Now God has given us another call to repentance."

And then she began to read the "silent messenger;" but after a while her husband desired that she would not read any more then, but finish it on Sunday morning.

All went on as usual till the evening, when the man wished his wife to finish reading the tract. She did so, and asked him what he thought about it, and how he "felt inside."

His only answer was, "I feel ill."

The shop was closed rather early, and the family retired to bed, but not to rest. The wife was wishful that the shop should not be opened the next morning, but the husband urged, "We have so many things that will spoil before Monday."

"The Lord will make it up," she answered: "don't open the shop again."

When the Sunday morning came, the little boy went past the shop, and found it closed. He quickly came to tell me the news. I said that it was rather early, and the shop might be opened by-and-by. Prayer was again offered to Almighty God, and then the lad, who could eat no breakfast, went to see the results of his tract and prayers. The shop was still closed, but a woman with a basket was knocking at the door, and continued to knock till the shop-keeper opened it, when she exclaimed, "I thought you were dead: take down your shutters, and serve me quickly."

The man answered, "There's death in the house."

"Death?" she quickly inquired; "who—which is dead of the family?"

"O, we are all dead," he replied—"dead in trespasses and sins. I do not intend opening my shop again on Sundays, and may God give me repentance for the past!" He shut the shop-door: the woman went on to the next shop, and, while

being served, said, "Mr. B. is gone mad: I have just seen him; he is indeed mad."

The news spread far and near, "Poor B. is gone mad;" and people seeing the shop closed, gave easy credence to the report. But how surprised were the loitering and gossiping observers, when they saw the man and his wife, with two of their children, walk out of their house respectably dressed, and make their way to the parish church. There they heard the minister read the words, "Rend your hearts, and not your garments," etc.; and they treasured up the sacred text in their memories, and carried it out in their lives, becoming constant attendants at the house of God, members of a Christian community, and useful workers in the vineyard of the Lord. The shop is still open on week-days, and its owner has proved the truth of the promise, "Them that honour Me I will honour."



III.

Mothers' Influence and Prayers.

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POOR MARY AND HER MOTHER.

THE following remarkable case shows the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit operating on a guilty and polluted heart. Surely, while recording or reading such cases, we ought never to despair, nor to "set our God a time." Sometimes a tract, a look, a passing funeral, a thunderstorm, a sick bed, the sound of a hymn, is the instrument used for bringing lost sinners to God. If Christians of both sexes were to feel more pity and compassion, and to carry out those feelings into Christlike efforts to rescue those who are hovering on the margin of the pit of destruction, instead of indulging in scornful glances and passing by on the other side, what homes would be lit up with new joy and gladness, and how many parents' hearts would dance with delight at the return of prodigal sons and wayward daughters!

Let not Christian parents cease praying for their wandering children. God knows where they all are; and the answer to the prayer of faith shall come in due time. Like the husbandman, who sows his seed and waits long and patiently for the harvest, praying parents must wait and trust, believing that not one of the promises shall fail.

In the course of our revival services, at the Seamen's Chapel, a young woman took shelter from the wind and rain in the lobby; and, hearing the sound of singing, she listened at the door. The minister was giving out the hymn, "Nothing but Leaves;" and as the congregation sang the words, the Holy Spirit applied them to the girl's heart, causing her to mourn over her lost state. She remained unobserved to the end of the service, and then left. On the following day, Saturday, she called at the chapel and asked to see the visitor or missionary; but the chapel-keeper told her I should not be there till the next day. On the Sunday evening she came again, and, being summoned into the vestry to see her, I found her in tears, and asked, "Are you ill, or in distress of mind?" No reply. "Have you lost some one by death?" At length she spoke and told me the following sad tale:—

"I am an 'unfortunate' girl. Three years back

I was living servant in Whitechapel : my master's son paid me great attention and promised me marriage ; but, having obtained his object, left me in sin and shame. My mistress turned me out of her house, and I have been on the streets nearly three years. Last Friday, when passing the chapel, the rain came down in torrents, and, without any thought, I ran in here for a moment's shelter, when I heard them singing, ‘ “ Nothing but leaves,” the Spirit grieves.’ Ah ! those words cut me to the heart, and I felt it would be a relief if hell would open and swallow me up. Well, I left quickly, lest any one should see me ; but I have no rest day or night.”

I was about to speak to her of God's love and mercy to repenting sinners, when she bade me not to speak till she had done. After a pause she continued :

“ I have a mother, a good, pious mother ; she knows *how* I live, but not *where* ; and I had determined she never should know where I lived, for it would break her heart. But O, sir, that hymn has made me think, and sometimes pray almost, but not quite ; for it appears impossible that God would hear such a sinner pray. Well, about my poor mother ; will you, dear sir, help me, and see if she will take me back again if I reform my life ? ”

This I promised to do on the following day, and to let her know the result.

Early the next morning I went to the address she had mentioned in Bethnal Green, and found the mother in a small back room, making "slop" shirts at two shillings and sixpence the dozen. After a few other questions, I asked after her family, how many children she had, and how long she had been a widow.

"I have been a widow, sir, for about eight years. I have three children—two up there," pointing towards heaven, "and the other—well, only—God knows;" and dropping her work she gave way to sighing and weeping most painful to hear and witness.

At length I said, "Do not despair; perhaps God is about to answer your prayers respecting *Mary*."

At this word she looked up, and, taking off her spectacles in order to see more clearly, she cried,

"Who are you? what are you? Do you know my child?"

I told her all. For some time she fixed her eyes on me without speaking, and then, lifting them upwards, she exclaimed,

"Lord, help me, or my poor heart will break."

"Now," I asked, "what is your answer to her question? Will you take her home or not?"

"I have no answer to send," she quickly replied.

"No answer to her? and you a godly woman?"

"No, sir; no answer to *send*; I will take it myself."

"But see the weather; you cannot go out if it continues like this."

"Blow high, or blow low, I take my answer my blessed self."

So, late in the evening, I called for the poor woman; and, as it continued raining heavily, I placed her behind a large pillar opposite Stepney Station, and went to meet her daughter.

At the time and place agreed upon the young woman was present, and her first words were, "Have you seen my mother?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"O, it rains so hard," I replied; "let us walk faster."

"But what *did* my mother say?"

By this time we had reached the hiding-place, and the mother sprang forth, and, throwing her arms round the girl's neck, cried out,

"O, my poor Mary! my dear Mary!"

The girl asked, "Am I your child?" And a kiss from the old lady told her that she was forgiven. I called a cab, and we were not long in reaching the small back room. Sitting on a low stool, with Mary sobbing in her lap, the mother said,

"Three times every day, my precious child, have I prayed for you in this room. You will stay with me always, won't you?" playing with the poor girl's fingers.

Never shall I forget the upward glance of Mary's eyes, which spoke an answer tenderer and deeper than words could express. From that evening she has given every reason to believe that she is both an affectionate daughter and a sincere Christian.

I give this case as one of special encouragement to all who wish to raise the fallen and bring home the lost. I scarcely need say that the little labour and money expended in the recovery of this unfortunate girl, have been far outweighed by the joy I feel in having been the humble instrument of her restoration to her mother and to a better life.

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

A captain's widow, whom I knew for many years as a member at our chapel, was much concerned for the conversion of her son, who was a sailor. For a long time he had promised to be a comfort and help to his mother ; but through the influence of bad companions he became very wicked and dissolute. Many times have I gone to the public-

house, and other places of temptation, to allure him home to his mother's house ; and in no instance when his mother's name has been mentioned has he refused to come, for on him the charming name of "mother" seemed to exercise a potent, irresistible spell. I have often taken him up into our Sunday-school room, where he used to be a scholar, and have reasoned and prayed with him till the tears ran down his cheeks, and he would promise to get on "a better tack."

On one of these occasions I gave him a pocket Bible, in which he engaged to read one verse every day till his ship returned from Sydney. I mentioned this to his mother, and shall not soon forget her look, as she said, "Thank God ! thank God ! I now have hopes of his conversion." He was gone many months, and but little was heard of him ; but the mother prayed for him daily at a fixed time. It pleased the Lord to visit her with a painful disease, which terminated in her death ; but her faith, joy, and peace were marvellous and delightful to witness. I do not remember paying her a single visit in which she did not mention her son, and express her belief that she would meet him in glory.

One evening she remarked, "I am near the grave, I feel my time here is short ; I will leave a message for my boy, which you must deliver to

him." Observing her extreme weakness, I prayed with her a few moments, and promised to see her early the next day. Accordingly I called, and saw that she was indeed dying. She desired to be propped up in bed, and to sing a hymn ; and, in order to support her in this final effort, her two daughters knelt on the bed and upheld her as well as they could. She spoke to them of her funeral and of her property, and wished to pay some little moneys for her class and her chapel sittings. When this business had been transacted she said to me, "I know I am dying, but I have no fear ; all is light and beautiful. Christ is here ; Christ is mine, and I am His." Her voice became stronger and clearer, and she bade us sing. Her daughters could sing but little, their hearts were too full. However, we all did our best in singing the favourite verse,

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through."

While we were singing a loud knocking was heard. The servant having gone for the doctor, I went to the door, and, to my surprise, found the sailor son, just returned from sea. I explained to him his mother's condition, and got him to remain in the parlour till I broke the news to her. When I returned to her bedside, she said

"Oh, I thought it was my dear boy. Oh, how I should like to see him once more, and to give him my blessing!"

"Are you able," I inquired, "to hear of him, or to see him?"

With a smile she replied, "I can bear anything, through Christ."

I went for the sailor, and when I brought him into the room, we found her praying, with her eyes closed, for her only son. In a few moments she looked round and saw her long-absent child. He threw his arms round his mother's neck, and tried to speak, but could not. But the mother cried, "Hallelujah! Jesus is faithful and true;" and after one kiss she added,

"My dear boy, I am dying and going to Jesus. I have prayed every day for you, my dear Frank. What shall I tell Jesus about you? Your father is there"—pointing upwards; "your sisters are on the way. Oh, what shall I tell my blessed Saviour?"

"You can tell Him what you like, mother. *I am* a Christian, converted to God, mother; and He knows all about it."

The mother's heart was full; the good news overcame her strength, and she exclaimed,

"Let me go; Lord, I have seen Thy salvation! My prayers are all answered! My son is saved—

clothed, and in his right mind. Glory! glory! glory!"

After sleeping a few minutes she awoke with a beautiful smile on her face, and said, "I see angels, harps, crowns; bright, golden crowns! Let me go!" and, raising her hand above her head, she exclaimed, "Victory, through faith in His blood!" Then her arm fell, her eyes gently closed, and her spirit returned to God who gave it. I thought of the poet's line—

"Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"

THE SCOTCH WIDOW AND HER SON.

An aged woman called at my house one morning, and told me as follows: "I'm come from Peterhead, in Scotland, and am a widow and a Methodist. My husband was a sailor, and died at sea many years ago, leaving me with three sons and one daughter. When my sons grew up, they followed their father and went to sea: two of them have met with a watery grave, but I have one left." Here the poor woman began to weep, and cried still more when she informed me that this son had "gone bad."

"I have not heard from him these last seven years, but a friend has told me that he is coming

from Sydney to London, and I have come all this way to find him. O what a world this is! I did not think it half so big; and I have but little hope of finding my boy unless you can assist me."

The case of this desolate widow interested me much. I found she was so poor as not to have sufficient money for a week's board and lodging, but on my mentioning the circumstances to a few friends, they kindly assisted in procuring food and lodgings for the aged traveller till her son's vessel should arrive in port. Indeed, such was the interest taken in her case by both minister and people that there was not a service held in the chapel without the matter being brought before the Lord in prayer.

At the end of three weeks I found by the *Shipping Gazette* that the ship had passed Dover, and watched for its arrival with great anxiety. It came into the London Docks late one night, and early the following morning the old lady and I, undeterred by the heavy rain, were on our way to it. We reached the docks about nine o'clock, and I soon found my way on board the ship, and inquired of the chief mate whether he had a Scotch sailor on board named "Jemmy."

"Well," he replied, "we had when we came in, but, being a pet with the captain, he has drawn some money from him and left the vessel last evening."

I then told him how sorry I felt for his mother who was standing waiting for him on the quay.

"His mother!" cried the officer; "I pity her, then; for, although he is a good sailor, he is a bad chap."

When I returned on shore and broke the news to the mother, she was much distressed, and, looking up to the mate, said, "O why did you let my poor boy go away? My poor boy! surely I shall come down to the grave in sorrow and sadness."

We then went in search of him, in coffee-shops, beer-houses, gin-palaces, and lodging-houses, till the poor old woman was quite wet through, and, as she phrased it, "overdone." I left her at a friend's house, and pursued my search alone, for some time in vain; but at last I thought I was upon his track, and, going back to the mother, told her there was some prospect of finding her boy.

"Praise the Lord," said she, "and may you get to heaven for your trouble."

Leaving her in the office of the Sailors' Home, in Wells Street, I placed myself where I could see every person entering or leaving the hall of that excellent institution.

After watching for two hours, I saw a man come in rather the worse for drink, and answering the description given me by the mate.

Going up to him, as he stood by the fire-place, I said, "You are just come from Sydney, I believe."

"Yes."

"And the ship is in the London Docks."

"Yes; but I don't know you."

"Perhaps not; but I have seen your mother lately, and she is inquiring after your welfare."

"Seen my mother? You're not a Scotchman? You've been to Peterhead, eh?"

The word "mother" seemed to sober him in a moment.

"Come, my friend," I said, "there are too many persons here for our conversation;" and I led him towards the office, opened the door, and on the poor woman asking, "Any news of Jemmy?" I answered by pushing the sailor into the room.

The mother sprang up from her chair, threw her arms round his neck, and then, uttering a fearful scream, fell with him on the floor. She soon recovered from the shock, and sitting down, would take her son upon her knees. The young man laid his head on her shoulder and wept bitterly.

"Jemmy," said the mother at length, "'tis many years since your poor daddy died; ten years since your brothers were drowned, and I've got only you left," stroking his face; "and it's more than seven years since you sent me a letter, money, or love. It's not your money I want, but your love. The

man said I should not know you, but," holding up her son's head, "there's your daddy's blue eyes and your own dimpled chin. *Jemmy*, my boy, I've prayed for you daily; and now give me your promise to give up all your old companions and go home with me."

"Well, well, we will see," was all that he would say.

Having seen them safely to the mother's lodgings in *Wapping*, I returned home wet and cold, but with a promise from the young sailor that he would come with his mother to chapel on the next Sunday, dine with me, and attend the sailors' meeting in the afternoon. Accordingly they came to God's house, and many earnest prayers were there offered up for them by the minister and the congregation. The word preached pierced like an arrow to his heart; and when the service was over, the mother said, "This way, *James*, to the man's house."

"No," he replied, "I shall not go there."

"But they will be waiting dinner."

"Then let them wait," was the abrupt answer: "I won't go. That sermon was all for me. Let us go to your place in *Wapping*, and you come and pray for me, mother, like you used to do."

So to their lodgings they went, and there he

could neither eat nor drink on account of his distress of mind.

After service in the afternoon, I went to see what had become of them, thinking their conduct rather strange. The mother opened the door, and, seeing that she had been weeping, I began to think that her son was "off again." In answer to my inquiries, she urged me to come in.

"You *must* come in, and you will see."

Entering I at once saw the explanation of the sailor's absence from his engagement. It was a glad sight that met my eyes: the young man was on his knees; a large Bible lay on the table, open at the parable of the prodigal son, which mother and son had been reading, verse for verse. I prayed with them, and our prayers were not in vain; for in a short time James rose up and threw his arms round his mother's neck, saying,

"The Lord loves me; I feel the weight gone off my soul; surely this is Heaven's forgiveness. I will go home with you, mother, as soon as the ship is paid off, and try my best to make your last days bright and comfortable."

This was no evanescent change: for several years he was spared to live a godly life, and exert a wholesome influence on many toilers of the sea. At last, after a short illness, he died a peaceful, happy death; his last words being,

"There's light ahead: I see the gates of the city: drop—drop—the—anchor."

CONVERSION OF A PUBLICAN.

Some time ago I was asked to visit the landlord of a public-house in Commercial Road, who was very ill; and I found him not only in a dangerous state of health, but also in much distress on account of his sins. I spoke to him of God's love to sinners, and of His willingness to pardon all who come to Him through Christ.

"Ah, sir," said the man, "but you do not know what a sinner I have been. I was once a member of the Wesleyan Society; my dear mother was a class-leader; but the love of money induced me to take this public-house; and if I am lost, oh! what a hell I shall have!"

Seeing him so weak and distressed, I left him with a promise to call again to-morrow.

On the following day I called, but his wife refused to let me see him, telling me that my visit had made him worse, and that she would not allow me to go upstairs again just yet. I called daily for some time, but the wife always had some excuse ready; either her husband was asleep, or the doctor was with him. One morning, however, I found the little potboy in the bar, and he, laugh-

ing, told me, "The mistress is gone to the City." At this intelligence I felt glad, and went upstairs and knocked at the sick man's door. He called out, "Come in ;" but this was not so easy, for the wife had locked the door and taken the key with her. Fortunately, it was an old-fashioned lock with a large keyhole, and through this aperture I was enabled to converse and pray with him. I then requested him to pray himself, and I would listen through the keyhole. The poor fellow repeated the hymn, "Jesu, Lover of my soul ;" and when he came to the last verse,

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin,"

he shouted aloud, "Yes, 'grace to cover all my sin.' Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Oh, sir, I have the blessing. My wife may lock up the room, but she can't keep Jesus out."

Next morning I called again ; and the landlady, nodding assent, said,

"You can go up ; he has had what he calls 'a blessed time with Jesus.' But I was awake most of the night, and I didn't see Him."

Her husband lived about a month after this in a very happy state of mind, and died a most triumphant death ; affording another instance of God's mercy at the eleventh hour, and of the worth of a mother's counsels and prayers.



IV.

Peculiar Cases.

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JOHN SMITH, THE PRAYING MAN.

SOME cases of conversion are so romantic in their details that I should hesitate to commit them to print, were not persons still living who could bear testimony to the truth of my narratives. Some men are like some kinds of fish, and require a little tact to catch them ; but when they are caught, they prove worth the trouble, and bring much glory to God. The case I am now about to mention occurred about eighteen years back, but is as fresh in my memory as if it had taken place but yesterday.

I once heard a man swear in a very shocking manner. Amongst many oaths he expressed a wish that God would send him and all his crew to hell. He was in such a dreadful passion that I thought it would not be wise to remonstrate with

him just then. After a lapse of two hours I saw him again, and, after a few general remarks, told him I believed he was a praying man.

"No, no, my lad," he immediately replied, "my name is John Smith; and if you had seen me a little time back, you would not have thought me a praying man."

"Yes," I continued, "I feel certain I am right in calling you 'a praying man.'"

At this he smiled. I told him that I had a book at home which contained a short prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

"Yes," said the sailor, "you mean the publican in the temple. Yes, that was his prayer."

"Well, John, I was on board ship one day when I heard a man pray that God would send his soul to hell, and all that sailed with him."

Conscience smote him, and he instantly asked, "Do you call that 'prayer'?"

"Oh, yes, it is a prayer. In the publican's case it was a prayer for mercy, and he received the answer; yours was a prayer for damnation, and it is a proof of God's long-suffering that He did not answer your prayer and strike you dead."

"Ah well," he said, "God knows what we poor sailors have to put up with, and He won't punish us like other men. And when I die, I hope it will be at sea, and in a storm."



JOHN SMITH, THE PRAYING MAN.

"Why so?" I asked him.

"Why, when a lot goes down together, we can get to heaven's gates long before the devil knows we are dead."

I told him that these things were too serious to be trifled with, and that I had selected a tract on purpose for him to read, and hoped he would oblige me by doing so. He took the tract—"The Swearer's Prayer"—and promised faithfully to read it through. We shook hands and parted.

Several months passed away without my seeing him; but one Friday morning I met him coming out of the East India Docks. He spoke to me, but was so altered that at first I did not recognise him.

"What!" he said, "not know John Smith. I remember *you*, and have often wished I had never seen *you*."

I inquired the reason.

"Oh, you know that tract I promised to read?"

"Yes, I remember the circumstance well."

"So, the first Sunday at sea, after lighting my pipe, I said to myself, 'There's that man's tract; I'll look through it.' But, bless you, I could not get through the first page, it made me feel so bad; so I stowed it away till the next Sunday, and, if I had not promised you I would read it, I should have lit my pipe with it. But I did read it, and it

made me cry like a child. I felt what a great sinner I had been, and wondered how it was God had spared me so long. Oh, the burden I carry is crushing me down !”

“Thank God,” I exclaimed, “for what you feel !”

“Thank God for what I feel, do you ?”

“Yes, John, that I do ; for I believe you are not far from the kingdom of God.”

I invited him to my house or the chapel, but he could not come till the following Sunday morning, when I met him in the vestry. After some conversation, and reading portions of Scripture together, and a few of Wesley’s hymns, we knelt down to pray, and, having prayed with him, I said,

“Now, John, you must pray yourself.”

“Oh no, sir,” he said, “I can’t pray before anybody ; *you* pray again. I would sooner run aloft the darkest night that ever was, and face the worst gale that ever blew, than pray before you.”

I repeated, “You must pray ; I shall wait till you do.”

Turning himself round towards me he said, “Will it do if I say the prayer mother taught me ?”

“Say what you like, John, but pray.”

He was a tall, stout man, who had been in almost every part of the world that ships can go

to. Lifting up his eyes and long arms to heaven, he began :

“ Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.”

He had scarcely finished repeating these lines when the minister came into the vestry to select the hymns for the morning service. Just then the man rose from his knees, and, throwing his arms round the minister's neck, shouted,

“ O, bless the Lord ; I've got it ! I've got it !”

The minister was a little puzzled at this abrupt salutation, and said,

“ Mr. Garland ! what does he mean ? what has he got ?”

“ Salvation, sir !” I said. “ He has been praying for mercy, and received the blessing just as you came in.”

We all knelt down and thanked God for this fresh proof of His love.

For several years this man lived a holy and consistent life. Every captain with whom he sailed declared that if any one was converted, John Smith was. On a homeward voyage from India he fell from aloft, and died in two hours ; his last words being, “ All is right ; I'm packed up ; land's ahead. Wash'd — wash'd.” His body lies beneath the

waves, but his soul is safe in that land where there is no more sea.

THE CAPTAIN'S GOUT.

An American captain, who was lodging in an hotel on Tower Hill, was afflicted with the gout, and was obliged to keep his bed. One day he sent round to the Mission Chapel for some one to call on him respecting a family matter. The minister being unwell requested me to go in his stead. I found that the captain had a boy from his ship to wait upon him, and from this lad I learnt that the captain's parents were Methodists, living in New York. Going upstairs I found him ill in bed, and, during our conversation, had to listen to some very dreadful language. Having finished the business which he wanted attending to, I rose from my chair and looked him full in the face.

"Why, what a rude person you are," cried he, "to look at me in such a manner!"

"Well, captain, you are enough to make any person look ; your language is so horrible."

And then I besought him to leave off this wicked habit.

"My dear sir, said the man, "did you ever

suffer from the rheumatic gout? if not I hope you will soon have it."

"But why so?"

"Why, because you would swear as bad as I have done."

"No," I replied, "the grace of God is sufficient to keep any man from swearing, if he will only look up to Him."

The captain allowed that the practice was not right, but urged that his pain at times was so great that he was compelled to shout; but if I would give him a word that would suit him when the pains came on, he would pledge his honour to use it, instead of the language to which I objected.

After a little consideration, I said, "I have a word that will fit in well; will you use it?"

"Yes! by my Maker I will."

"Then, captain, when these aches and pains come on, you must shout, 'Hallelujah!'"

"What?" he asked in astonishment; "give me another word."

"No! I have no other word to give."

I left the room, but had not proceeded far down the stairs before I heard him shouting, "Hallelujah!"

Two days afterward I called again, and, seeing a waiter, inquired after the captain's health.

He replied, "Are you the person who came to

visit him? If so, you had better be quick upstairs and off again, for the man is turned a Methodist, and the proprietor returns home to-day, and I cannot say what he will do to you."

I was soon at the captain's bedside, when he cried out,

"O, I am so glad to see you! I wish you to relieve me of the 'Hallelujah' word. I would rather swear twenty oaths than say that word. It was my mother's word when very happy."

And he began to weep. I told him I could not relieve or release him, and after a while left the room.

That evening a gentleman from Yorkshire came with his wife to stay at the hotel for a few days, and, having partaken of supper, he was reading a portion of the Bible, when they heard a loud shout, "Hallelujah!" The wife said,

"Praise the Lord, my love; there are Methodists in the house."

"O, no," he replied; "it must be some one in the street singing Sankey's hymns."

They knelt down to pray, when another shout of "Hallelujah!" was heard. After prayer the husband said,

"You are quite right, my dear; there must be some good Methodist here, and I will find him out before I retire to bed."

Accordingly, he knocked at the door of the opposite room, and a voice cried, "Come in." Entering the apartment, he was surprised to find a man in bed, but, apologising, intimated that he had thought he heard the sound of "Hallelujah" proceeding from that room.

"O," said the sick man, "you are quite right."

After inquiring how long he had been ill, and hoping that he would soon be restored to health, the gentleman expressed his gladness at finding that he was a Christian, and had such confidence and trust in the Lord Jesus, such patience and joy that he was enabled to cry aloud, "Hallelujah!" "I suppose," he asked in conclusion, "you belong to the Methodists?"

The captain sang out, "A Christian—confidence—patience—joy—a Methodist! Not a bit of it; I am one of the vilest sinners on the earth."

The visitor was surprised, and inquired how it was, then, that he made such use of the word, "Hallelujah."

"Can't help myself. A very strange man visited me a few days since, and, hearing me swear, reproved me. And I said, 'If you will give me any word to use when my pains come on, I will use it;' and the fool gave me *that* word."

The man of God spoke kindly to him, and told him of a loving Saviour, who was able and willing

to save to the uttermost all that came unto Him. The captain wept; the Bible was brought and read; prayer was offered; and, blessed be God, before the rough seaman lost his gout, he had found Jesus, and he returned to his ship not only freed from bodily pain, but also "a new man in Christ Jesus."

THE RUNAWAY SAILOR BOY.

One evening a captain called upon me at the chapel, in much trouble about his son. The lad, who was an apprentice to his ship, had stolen a large sum of money out of the cabin, and had run away. The father supposed him to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. George's-in-the-East, or Ratcliffe, and was anxious to know if I could assist in finding him. He gave me a photograph of his son, and, accompanied by a Wesleyan minister, I set forth in search of the lad. Beginning at Stepney Causeway, we visited a large number of houses without any success. At last, on showing the photograph to one landlord, I noticed a peculiar look stealing over his face, and, telling him that the person wanted would not be punished, I begged him to inform me if he had seen him. He replied

that a person "something like that" had been in his house, and if it were the individual wanted, he would be there again about eight o'clock or so that night.

In the evening I returned, and, after walking up and down the street for some time, I at last espied a young man who seemed to resemble the object of my search. With him was a young female, whose arm was round his waist, and with whom he was about to enter a gin-shop. I crossed the road, and, touching him on the shoulder, said,

"Young H——, I believe."

"Yes," he answered, with pale face and quivering lips. Then I told the girl that I had business with him for a few moments.

"All right, sir!" she said, tossing her head.

Then, taking him aside, I told him his father had sent me in search of him. He appeared to be very reluctant to return; but I told him that he must and should, and that if he went quietly his father would forgive the past and never mention his misdeeds to his mother; but if not I should call a policeman and give him in charge. Seeing my determination he said,

"I will go with you, but she has my purse."

Just then the girl came up and called out,

"Make haste, you two old fellows; it's cold hanging about here."

He seized her arm, saying, "I must go back, so give me my purse."

The girl took it out of her pocket, emptied the contents into her hand, and then threw the purse in his face, crying,

"Then go and be ——; I'll soon catch another fish."

She flew down a court with her booty; but, as I had hold of the lad, I did not think her worth running after.

The captain's vessel was lying off Woolwich. When we approached the ship, the look-out soon gave the signal that we were coming on board; and I took care that the lad should go up the ladder before me, lest he should at the last moment give me the slip. The father took the boy's hand with deep emotion, and we went down into the cabin together, the mate kindly retiring from the scene. It was a touching sight to witness the son's confession and the father's forgiveness. Then we all joined in singing and prayer, and reading a portion of Scripture.

I returned home about eleven at night, wet and weary, but with the joyful, heart-warming consciousness that by a little effort I had been the means of restoring a lost son to his father. I am happy to add that since that memorable day the boy has given ample proof of his gratitude to his

good father, and has striven to lead a sober and righteous life.

THE LOST HUSBAND.

When distributing tracts one day on board the boats in Regent's Canal Basin, I met with a mate, whom I invited to come to our chapel on the following Sunday. He unhesitatingly replied,

"No! I shall not be there."

I asked if he had a wife and children in London.

"Wife! I have a wife, but I've not seen her for three years and more, and never mean to see her again."

I was about to inquire the reason, when the captain called him aft, and I was compelled to come away.

Early the next morning I went aboard again and found him pacing the deck. I told him I had been thinking much about what he had said, and, knowing the temptations to which seamen in port were exposed, I should have great pleasure in helping him if he had got into any trouble through wrong-doing. He looked at me for some time and then said,

"I wish you would do what I have been told to do many times."

I inquired what that was.

"Why, everybody mind his own business; you mind yours, and I will mind mine."

"Ah, my friend, that is just what I am doing. It is my business to try to help seamen, especially those that are in trouble."

He was silent for some time: at last, in response to my repeated entreaties for his confidence, he said,

"It's no use, I must tell somebody. Perhaps God has sent you to me. I am the most unhappy man living. I must tell you all. About three years ago I was master of as nice a brig as ever swam on the waters. I had been to the City to take and pay some money, had finished my business, and was coming down Tower Hill, when a person with a gold ring and chain spoke to me and told me he knew me, and all that sort of thing. Well, we went and had a glass of grog, and that was drugged; I was robbed of more than a hundred pounds, all in gold, and when I came to myself and found out my loss, I was mad with desperation, and left London for Liverpool, determined my wife should think me dead rather than know my loss of the money, and how it went. I wish now I had let her know the case at first, for my life is a burden to me; and she, poor thing——"

Here he fairly broke down. After a while I tried to learn his wife's address, and he gave it me as nearly as he could. I then took leave of him, with a promise that I would see him again.

I at once communicated with the minister at the Seamen's Chapel, and by his kind help and that of the Wesleyan minister in a certain country town, the wife was found, and was requested to come up to London respecting her husband. Poor woman! I have often heard it affirmed that women "talk fast," but I never heard one rattle away so fast as this one did. One question followed breathlessly on the heels of another: "Is my husband living? Is he in London? Where is he? Can't I see him? Can't I see him now?" I told her she must wait till evening; it was not prudent to see him before. This was naturally very trying to her, and she cried again and again, "Oh, what a long day this is! When will the evening come?" At length it did come, and we walked down to the Canal Basin. Leaving her on the jetty, I stepped on board and found a few men in the forecastle; these I supplied with good tracts and pictures, and learnt from them that the mate was "aft," and alone. Bringing the wife on board, I left her near the cabin door under promise not to enter that apartment till I gave the word for her to come in. I then went in and asked the mate how he was to-night?

"Nohow," he replied.

"Well, have you written home?"

"No."

"Don't you think your wife would forgive you?"

"Forgive me! bless her soul, I know she would."

"Now, I'll ask you another question. Would you not like to see her?"

Looking steadily in my face, he asked, "Would *you* not like to see yours after more than three years' absence?" and, hiding his face in his hands, he wept freely.

I then invited his wife to come in; but instead of coming in *softly*, as she had promised, she rushed in with a noisy step; on hearing which the mate looked up, and was much amazed to see his forsaken helpmate before him.

"What, Mary!" he cried, "is it you?"

"What, George," she rejoined, "is it you?"

The colour left her lips, and she stood stiff as a statue.

At length he held out his hand to her, saying,

"Can you—can you for—for——" but could not complete the sentence.

His wife ran up to him, caught his hand, and exclaimed, "I'll finish it! You wanted to say, 'forgive.'" And, holding up his head, she gave

him such a kiss as resounded through the cabin like the ring of a bell.

Then an explanation took place, and conversation of a delicate nature followed ; and I left them with devout gratitude that God had made me instrumental in putting an end to such a sad separation.



V.

Temperance Incidents.



SIGNING THE PLEDGE ON THE CROWN OF A HAT.

A SEAMAN came into our reading-room one Sunday afternoon under the influence of drink. Sitting down, he fell asleep for a short time ; but when he awoke, he began to disturb the meeting. Some of the men wished to expel him from the room, but I objected, and he was allowed to remain to the end ; by which time he had become considerably more sober, and was very thankful for my attention to him. I endeavoured to show him the folly and sin of his present life ; and he acknowledged the truth of all I urged, saying, "The drink is my ruin. My mother and father were good people, and always went to chapel, and made a good end : but I can't be like them."

"Why not ?" I asked,

"Because I can't."

"Yes, you can, if you will do one thing ; that is, sign the pledge."

"No, never : I'll not bind myself for you or any living man ;" and so saying, he left the chapel.

During the sermon there was a slight disturbance in the lobby, and I found that it was my nautical friend, who had been again to the public-house, made himself drunk, and returned on purpose to tell the missionary that he would never be a slave to any man in signing the pledge.

I replied, "Why, you are a slave *now*, and to a bad master. The devil has bound you so fast that you can't pass a grog-shop without going in." At this he was a little bewildered, and kept repeating,

" 'A slave,' 'bound by the devil,'—by my God it's true."

Again I advised him to sign the pledge. He hesitated ; I urged him, and at last he said,

"Well, I will ; but there's no table."

That difficulty was soon met : taking my pledge-book out of my pocket and placing it on my hat, I said, "That will do ; write on it now."

He did so ; but oh, what writing ! some words straight, some crooked, big letters and little ones : but it was his own free act and deed.

The next day, meeting him, I inquired if he had kept the pledge.

"What pledge?" he asked: "I have not made a pledge; so none of your chaff."

I showed him the paper and said, "I have no respect for a man who makes a promise and then runs from it. Look at this paper and read it, and tell me whose writing it is."

He took the paper, read it, turned it about in divers positions, and then remarked, "Some of it looks like mine, but some doesn't."

I explained to him how and when he signed the paper. After a considerable pause he said, "Then I will keep it, God helping me."

I gave him a few words of encouragement, and we parted.

For several months I heard nothing of this new recruit to the ranks of temperance. One Sunday afternoon, however, he came into the reading-room just before the conclusion of the service, but so well dressed that I did not at first recognise him. He stood up and said,

"My dear friends and shipmates, the ship has only just got into the Basin, but I felt I must turn up here, and thank God for all His mercies and goodness to me." And, taking the paper out of his old pocket-book, he continued: "Do you see that? I wrote that on Mr. Garland's hat when I was drunk, and, bless the good Lord, I have kept it too. Not a single drop has crossed my lips

since ; no, nor ever shall again. Before I did this bit of writing, my wife and children were half clothed and fed, and many a time have I known the little 'uns run and hide themselves lest I should give them either a kick or an oath. But not so now. My home was like a pigsty, and little furniture in it ; but since I have become a temperance man, I have got a nice little house, and a parlour in it. It only wants one more thing to make it perfect, and that is a good chimney-glass, and I shall get that when I reach the north. And my wife, she does not go about in the old cotton gown, but she can wear her gingham and alpacas like any other lady. And if you don't think I'm a better man, a better father and husband, then go and ask my wife and neighbours ; they will soon settle that point. Temperance is a good thing, and I ask you all to join our band."

After hearing this practical speech two old men, who had been accustomed to drink grog like water, signed the pledge.

HOW A PUBLICAN LOST HIS BEST CUSTOMER.

A man who was in the habit of spending from fifteen to twenty shillings a week at a public-house, went one Saturday to have a "spree" with some of his companions. He had managed to spend some

sixteen shillings and sixpence already, and he and his companions were thinking of returning home, when he said, "We'll have one more pot!" But their money was all gone, and all he could find was threepence-halfpenny. Counting it out on the counter he asked the landlord for a quart of ale. The landlord said, "Here is only threepence-halfpenny."

"It's all I have left; but lend me a halfpenny, and I'll pay it next week."

"No," retorted the landlord, "I lend no money to such men as you. Take your threepence-halfpenny to some other place."

The man was astonished at this refusal, and, recovering himself, said, "So I will," and, stepping into a "general" shop, he purchased half a pound of sugar, and half an ounce of tea. On reaching home and handing his purchases to his wife, he told her, "If it had not been for the landlord you would not have had that."

"What!" she asked; "did *he* send that to me?"

"Never mind who sent it," said her husband; "there it is, and perhaps next Saturday you will have a little more."

This man came to our chapel, signed the pledge for life, and on the next Saturday gave his wife all his earnings to buy goods for the house. The landlord soon missed his best customer, and sent to inquire if he was ill.

"I was never better," said the man to the pot-boy, "and am doing what your master told me to do. *I take my money to some other house*, and you can thank him in my name for his advice."

FRUIT FROM A TRACT.

A seaman, meeting me in Commercial Road, inquired,

"Have you a tract called 'Little Shoes'?"

I said, "Yes, here is one; but why do you wish for it?"

"Oh, to send to an old shipmate who for many years has neglected his family and spent his money at the beer-houses. And I was like him for a long time, till you gave me 'Little Shoes,' about ten months back. You can't think how I was cut up when reading it, and I made a vow to start life afresh, and God has helped me mightily. When I got to the north, I went home sober, and, when paid, took all the money home to my wife. Oh, you should have seen her looks when I counted it all in her apron. She said, 'What does this mean, John? Is it all for me? I hope you have done nothing wrong.' 'Yes,' I answered, 'it's all for you and the children. I have "done wrong" long enough; the publican has had too much of my

money, and you too little; but I've read a little tract that has touched me a good deal, and I mean to be a teetotaller, and shall make you my treasurer.' 'Oh dear, John; what's that? I don't like that long word.' 'Yes, my lass, you will be sure to like it; it's to take all my wages, and to spend it as you like.' 'La! John, is it real? Do you mean it? I feel fainting.' I caught her head and kissed her, saying, 'It is real,' and we both began to cry. After we had had our tea, I said, 'Come, my dear; we will go at once and sign the pledge;' and I am thankful to say we have kept it. But my wife will not part with that tract for anything. She has a few old papers and letters of her mother's writing which she values much, and keeps them under lock and key. Well, she has placed that very tract amongst her valuables, and almost goes silly when she looks at it. Would you believe it? I have even seen her kiss it more than once, and fold it up carefully like a bank note. Now, if I can get my old mate to follow my example, his home will be like mine, a little paradise."

A DIRTY HOME AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

A woman complained to me that her husband would never stay at home after his tea, and wished

me to speak to him. I promised to call at her house soon, but from her appearance suspicions arose in my mind that her husband perhaps had not so clean a home to attract him as some men have. When I called on the following day, to my inquiries she answered,

“Yes, he’s off again.”

But what a miserable home it was! I left with the words,

“Do your part, and perhaps you will win him.”

Inquiring the next evening, “Is John at home?”

“La! sir, no; I never expect him to be better till you give him a good blowing up.”

As I bade her good-night, she began crying, and said,

“I thought you would have had a little feeling towards me; but the men are all alike, so hard-hearted and cold.”

The next morning I went to her house early. She was fastening a button on her husband’s trowsers with a small hair-pin, and twisting the ends with her teeth. I then began to tell her it was her own fault that her John spent his evenings at the public-house, and that I had come down to assist her in making a little change. She was inclined to be very angry with me; but when I pointed out the button just fastened, and the dirty

house, she calmed down ; the button was taken off and sewn on in a proper manner. By the time she had done that, the dustman's cart drew up to the door ; and I, having spoken to him previously, explained to her that he was come to clear all the rubbish away. Walking up to the fire to light his pipe, and seeing the ashes which had been allowed to accumulate till they were on a level with the bars of the grate, the grimy man of dust sarcastically asked,

“Where shall I begin? here, or at the other dusthole?”

The woman felt ashamed, but made no reply. After this was done, I assisted her in scraping, cleaning, and sanding the floor, and taught her how to brighten up the kettle and fire-irons, brush the walls, and clean the looking-glass. This took some time, and she often sat down to rest ; but a kind word soon set her rubbing and dusting again, till the place looked, as she said, “like a little palace.” When this was done, I bought a pair of worsted slippers, and gave her a few clothes that my wife had sent for her ; and, with a new cap and ribbon, she went up to dress.

Her husband came home about half-past six, and found a bright fire, hot buttered toast, and a clean cloth on the table, all waiting for him. It was a cold, dark, wet evening, and John was rather

late ; but when he opened the door he thought he had made a mistake, and said,

“ Beg pardon—thought ’twas our number.”

“ So it is, my dear,” said his wife ; “ come in ; you must be wringing wet, my dear.”

John held the door with his hand, bewildered at seeing his wife with a clean visage, and all so bright, even to the clock-face. At last he said,

“ I’m all of a flutter, and I know I’m not drunk.”

She went to meet him, and, holding his arm, cried out,

“ I’m most to blame for your evenings out ; and a friend has advised me to do all this, and told me that perhaps I should win you back again.”

“ You have done it already, my lass,” was his immediate answer ; and after having a little wash, and putting on the new slippers, he took her hand, saying, “ This is like our courting days ; and if your face is to be as clean and smiling, and the home like this, I will never go to the ‘ Blue Boar ’ again.”

This was the turning-point of their life. They have still a good home, and are constant attendants at their church. The wife told me, “ He’s always at home now, except when he takes me out to the park, or forest.” Such was the pleasing result of a little effort.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

At our temperance meetings on Saturday evenings I had noticed an unhappy-looking woman come in rather late, always leaving before the meeting closed. I saw the deep attention which she paid to all the addresses, and observed how deeply she was affected at times. Mr. Godwin, our secretary, and myself made several attempts to speak to her, but with no avail.

One evening I was determined to find out, if possible, where she lived and who she was. I therefore remained outside the room to watch her, and when she left, following her at a distance, I soon found that she lived in Grosvenor Street. On the following day, taking a few tracts, I called at the house, and, on her opening the door, I invited her to the chapel, and inquired whether she was married, etc. She told me to mind my own business.

"That is what I am trying to do," I replied.

She appeared to hesitate a little ; and I asked how she liked the Saturday night meetings, at which I was glad to see her attend so regularly. She invited me to come in, and then told me,

"Sir, I am a drunkard, and am separated from my husband and family. Oh, the drink ! the devil is in the drink."

Here her feelings overcame her, and after a short prayer I left her, saying I would call again soon.

When I visited her again, I found her more composed, and wishful to open her mind to me. Her statement was as follows :

“ My love for drink has been such that I have pawned the ring from my finger, and got drunk with the money. My husband, who is a pious man, and an elder in a church, has been compelled to send me away from the house. He allows me fifteen shillings a week, which is very kind ; but the thought of not seeing him or my children again is well-nigh breaking my heart. I have been to your temperance meetings on Saturday evenings, and, when listening to those who have been reclaimed, have said to myself, ‘ Is there hope for me ? ’ Here the poor woman burst into tears. I advised her to sign the pledge, and to pray for strength to keep it. Accordingly she signed for a month, and at the same time sought mercy from the Lord, who saves all who truly repent and trust in Him. During the month I visited her several times, and can truly say that she had become a new creature.

Her chief sorrow now was about her separation from her husband and children ; and her anxiety was as to what she could do to atone for the past, and to be reunited to her dear ones. Having

learnt from her where her family lived, I wrote to her husband, telling him of the great and happy change in his wife, and how she had reformed and signed the pledge for life; and asking him in her name if he would receive her back into the domestic circle. The next post brought a letter from him, saying "Yes, with pleasure," and speaking of the past as all forgiven and never to be mentioned to her again, stating also that a friend would be at King's Cross Station, at such a time, on a certain day, to see her home. This was good news indeed, and acted like balm on her wounded spirit. On the following Monday I accompanied her to the station, and when we went into the waiting-room to find the "friend" mentioned in the letter, a gentleman walked up to us, saying,

"Well, Mary, I am come to see you home."

She caught hold of her husband's arm, and then fainted away; but a little water and some loving words soon restored her, and in a few minutes I saw them into a carriage by themselves. They both tried to express their thanks to me, but they could not, their hearts were too full. We waved our farewells, and the train moved off, carrying them away to their country home. I am happy to say that the last news I heard from that quarter was, "she keeps sober and good."

"YOU ALWAYS GOING TO BE GOOD?"

A man whom I had known for some time as an inveterate drunkard was persuaded to try to give up drink for twelve months. During this time, turning over a new leaf, he gave his wife all his money, to redeem things from pawn, and to provide necessities for the house. As they had a large family, only a few things could be redeemed during the first six months. One Sunday evening this man was reading a book and nursing his little girl, a child of about four years of age, badly dressed, with her little naked toes peeping through the tops of old slippers tied on with string. The child began stroking his face and pulling his hair, and at length said,

"Dada, you always going to be good?"

"Yes, darling," was the answer.

Then came another stroke down his face, and another pull of his hair.

"Dada, you always going to be good?"

"Yes, darling."

Then he went on reading. The child, clasping his neck and weeping, asked a third time,

"Dada, you always going to be good?"

Putting down his book and giving her a kiss, the father once more answered,

"Yes, darling, I hope so. But why do you ask me that so many times?"

The child, looking up into his face, replied,

"'Cause, since you been good, mamma got a new bonnet, and Willy, he got nice coat; and mamma says, if you always keep good, she buy me new shoes"—holding up her poor little feet.

The man's heart was touched; he put the child down on the floor, took his cap, and left the house. The mother had heard the dialogue, and, seeing her husband leave so suddenly, she began to fear the worst. After a long time, however, he came home, hung up his cap, and said to his wife,

"Do you know where I have been?"

"No," said she, "but I was afraid you were angry with the child for talking in that funny way."

"Angry? no, bless her. I have been to the Ranters' chapel and signed the pledge for life; here's the card;" and he hung it up over the middle of the mantelpiece. "And I have been on my knees, too, to ask God to keep me faithful to my pledge, and faithful to you all."

He was a wise man, and, by giving up his drink, he has, by God's help, made a happy home.

A BLACK MAN'S PRAYER.

A coloured seaman came to my class one Sunday in great distress of mind, and said,

"Me been to dis place on de Lord's Day four times, and de minister made me feel bad all ober. My fader and moder did love Massa Jesus, till He take um up to glory ; and my moder made me say, when she was sick, 'Me will be good ebery day.' But me no good at all ; neber so sick as now. One day de minister's sermon came into my soul, and me felt, 'Lost ! lost ! poor Joseph go to hell.' Next day no better ; all de week was bad. Me come now to sign temperance book."

When he had signed the pledge, the poor fellow knelt down and said, "O Massa Jesus, you see me make dat mark (x) in the book. Dear Massa Jesus, help poor Joseph to keep upright ; make me no more drink. When me drink, me swear, tell lies, do oder sins, and make me like de debil. My skin all black, but, O, Massa Jesus, my soul more black. De minister say, all sinners go to hell ; Joseph no want to go into de fire. Help me, Massa Jesus, from dis day to find mercy, dat when me die, me go up to glory. De old serpent wants me, but me no want him. Blessed Spirit, wash and fill poor Joseph's soul wid de great light, for Jesu's sake. Amen."

SIGNING IN THE WRONG PLACE.

At the close of a public meeting in the Wesleyan Chapel, Canning Town, an Irishwoman came in and asked the Minister if she could sign the temperance pledge. He directed her to me, as I was standing near the communion rail. She knelt down and crossed herself several times, and, when I had written her name, she placed her "mark" against it. Then I requested her to kneel again, while I prayed that she might have strength to keep the pledge. She was not quite sober, but understood all that was said, and, counting her beads, she knelt down again, and, on rising up, offered me twopence, which I refused; but she cried;

"What, holy father, not take twopence? It is all I have left."

So, taking the money, I added it to the collection which had just been made; and, with many a blessing on me, the woman left, after receiving a pledge-card.

The following day she came to our seamen's chapel, to see "the gentleman." Being invited into the vestry, she began :

"O, by faith on my poor soul, I made a great mistake last evening. I was to pay my husband's

club, but I spent the money in whisky and beer, and was so miserable that I said, 'By the holy mother of God, I will be a teetotal!' But I find I went to the wrong place, and I'm come for you to take my name off, and this card back. I made a mistake, indeed—thought it was the true Catholic chapel."

I told her that it was impossible; I should not take the card back, nor her name off the book; and if she did not keep the pledge, something dreadful would happen to her. She begged and entreated most pitiably that she might be relieved from this burden; but I was firm, and told her distinctly that I would not, could not release her from her bond.

"O," she exclaimed, "my blessed Jesus, what shall I do?"

I advised her to go home, pray to God, and keep the pledge, and promised to call on her in a few days.

Shortly afterwards, on calling at her house, I found her at tea with her husband. To my inquiries about the pledge she answered,

"O yes, I've kept it, and must keep it till you free me."

"Then," I said, "that will *never* be."

Her husband shook my hand heartily, and said,

"I hope you never will. She is a good wife when sober, but a bad 'un when she drinks."

I am thankful to add that this woman still keeps her pledge. She has confessed to her priest her mistake ; but he had the good sense to forgive her, and to say,

"You *must* keep it, or be undone for ever."

Their home is now clean and comfortable, and they are able to lay aside a little bit of money against a rainy day.



VI.

Miscellaneous.

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GIVING FATHER A PILL.

ONE Sunday afternoon two children, just returned from the Sunday-school, were singing some verses of a favourite hymn. Just then the father came in from his walk, and, giving them each a slap, declared there should be no singing when he was at home. At the tea-table the little ones could not eat or drink as usual; the father said they were sulky, and, after giving them a good beating with a cane, sent them upstairs till they lost their “nasty temper.”

After a time he thought he heard them laughing, and thus setting him at defiance. Rising from his seat, he said to his wife, “I will be minded, and not laughed at;” and, untwisting a knot of cord, he declared they should taste that. The mother begged him to let her go to them; she did not think they were at play. But no, he would go, and

he threatened to serve her the same if she dared to interfere with his management. The Sunday-school, he said, was a curse; it made children disobedient to their parents, and he had been played with long enough. The poor mother was compelled to be silent.

Taking the rope in his hand, and kicking off his shoes, the man quietly went upstairs, and, listening to hear what the children were doing, he heard one say, "O Lord, please do turn father's heart, and make him gentle like mother. We do love him; and if he gets good like mother, he won't get drunk, but will let us sing and read Thy Holy Word. Grant this for Christ's sake. Amen."

Then the little one prayed: "Yes, dear Saviour, teacher says we must pray for our enemies: but father is not an enemy; although he did hit us hard, we will love him. Please make him good,—for Christ's sake. Amen."

And then they repeated the Lord's Prayer.

The father crept downstairs as silently as he went up; and taking the piece of rope, he rolled it up like a ball, and said to his wife, "Those children have given me a pill to swallow like that." And, hiding his face in his hands, he burst into tears. Soon afterwards the children were called downstairs, and came, pale and trembling.

Seeing a change in their father's face, and their

mother in tears, they could not understand what was the matter. But the father kissed them and pressed them to his side ; and the youngest, looking up in her brother's face, whispered, " The Lord is doing it soon ; he is getting just like mother."

After a little time the man said to his wife, " I shall go with you to chapel to-night, if you don't mind my old shoes " (the new ones had been pawned on the previous night for drink). The wife sprang from her chair, and, throwing her arms round his neck, said, " O, James, we may—we shall be happy yet."

The children were in ecstasies, and asked, " Please, father, can we sing ? "

" Yes," was the reply, when you have finished your tea."

Both of them declared they should want no more for a week, they were so full ; and began singing, " There are angels hovering round," etc.

That night was the turning-point in the man's life. I left him that evening happy in God, singing with his family,

" My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

Thank God, he still holds on his way, and has left the City of Destruction behind.

JACK TAR'S COURAGE.

When on a visit to London, some thirty-six years ago, I was awoke early one morning by the cry of "Fire!" Thinking the house in which I was staying was on fire, I was soon dressed and made my way into the street, when I found the conflagration was in Fetter Lane. That narrow thoroughfare was soon filled with people. In those days the appliances for saving life were very different from those of the present time. It was thought, however, that all the inmates had made their escape; but, presently, a female came inquiring with great earnestness where her children were. "Two of them are missing," and just afterward two little girls put their heads out of the top window and cried piteously for help. Many now began to shout for the ladders, but no ladders were to be seen. A sailor standing near me became very restless, and, hearing the cries for help, he said,

"I'll do my best," and, throwing off his jacket, he climbed up a water-pipe, which brought him near the window where the little girls were. On his speaking to them, the eldest threw her arms round his neck, and he slid down the pipe safely with his precious freight amid the shouts of all the crowd. His hands were torn and bleeding, but, after wiping his face, and, on looking up, seeing no ladder yet



JACK TAR'S COURAGE.

raised to the house, he went up again, while the people held their breath in intensity of excitement. There was a solemn silence as they watched him scale his way to the window once more: having reached it, the little child threw her arms round his neck so tightly as nearly to strangle him; but down he came, leaving marks of blood all along the pipe, whilst many voices cried, "Gently, gently,—a little lower,—a bit lower;" till at length a strong man caught the child and delivered her to her mother, when there was such an outburst of "Bravo!" tears, and clapping of hands, as I have never heard or seen on any other occasion.

When the rejoicing mother asked the sailor what she could do for him, and assured him she would do anything he would mention,

"My good woman," was Jack's reply, "I have only done my duty; I'll take a glass of water, and wash my hands, and bid you all good day, and better luck at our next meeting."

And, throwing his jacket over his shoulders, he passed out of sight but not out of mind.

THE "SINGING ANGELS" CAUGHT.

One day, when visiting some sick folk, I was asked if I had heard of the "singing angels"

coming down to this world. I answered that I had not, but should very much like to hear them. The name was then mentioned of a person who was supposed to be so good and holy that, when she was singing her hymns, angels would join in the chorus. It so happened that I knew well the female mentioned ; and, hearing that she was in the habit of inviting a few of her neighbours to come in and hear the singing, I was anxious to make one of the party. So, one evening, when it was dark, I called at the house, found a few women present, and, having taken my seat and stated my anxiety to hear the angels sing, I requested the mistress of the house to proceed as usual. After a little while she began to sing a hymn, and every now and then other voices from invisible throats joined in the singing. The poor women who had been invited became pale as death, and gazed upon the ceiling, as if expecting to see some spirit from the realms of bliss. I also heard the voices, but could not think that they came from above. Another hymn was sung, and again strange voices were distinctly heard.

I now felt quite sure as to the quarter from which the pseudo-celestial voices proceeded. It was a cold winter's night, and there was a large fire in the grate ; so, pushing my chair back from the heat, I displaced a piece of carpet on the floor.

Instantly the woman of the house rose up, saying, "Never mind the carpet, sir; *I* will lay it down." "O no," I replied, "I will take it up;" and, suiting the action to the word, and taking up first one board, and then another, which I had observed to be loose, I discovered the "angels" that had been singing to us, and bade them get up and show themselves. On emerging from their dark retreat, they proved to be two children of our hostess, who had been wicked enough to excavate the earth sufficiently to enable the little ones to lie down between the ground and the floor, and thus to deceive her neighbours. Having spoken to her faithfully of her sin against God, her children, and her own soul, I left the woman and her "singing angels" to their confusion and shame. Not long afterwards the family removed to another parish.

THE NEW BAND OF SONG-SINGERS.

One Sunday afternoon a large steamer came into the Regent's Canal Basin, and as soon as the men could leave the vessel, several of them went into our reading-room, to return thanks to God for sparing their lives and bringing so many of their crew to Jesus. The last one converted was the old cook, whose family lived in London. When we

had concluded our service, and were preparing to go into the chapel for the evening service, the old cook said,

"No! I shall not go in to-night. I and my mates are going to my house. My wife does not love God, nor keep the Sabbath; but the Lord that has saved me can save her, and all these men have joined me in prayer that the Lord would save her too. But how to begin we cannot tell. She is very fond of song-singing, and we think she might be caught that way. Will you join us?"

I said, "Yes, and my son will come too," making up the number to eight.

When we reached the house, the man shouted,

"Here, my dear; I am coming upstairs, and a few friends with me."

"All right," was her answer; "and I hope they will give us a good song or two."

"Yes, my good woman," I said, "we are all pilgrim singers."

"What's that?" she said; "it's a big word and sounds grandly."

We were soon in the room, and after she had addressed a few words to her husband about the letter he had sent her announcing a "change of heart," she gave him a kiss, saying,

"I thought you would look thin and pale, but you look as well as usual, if not a bit better."

I inquired if we should sing her a song.

"Yes," said the woman, "I love a good song, and have the books in my drawer."

I told her that we had our song books and would use them. We then sang the hymn beginning—

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessing ;"

And when we had sung it through, she said,

"What a funny lot of men !"

"Yes," I replied, "we are pilgrim singers"

And then we sang another hymn—

"Just as I am," etc.

Looking into her face I now found she was weeping. We immediately started another—

"There is a fountain filled with blood :"

But before we had finished, the woman fell on her knees, and her daughters and her only son began to weep too. So I begged all the company to kneel down and pray. I shall not soon forget the blessed influence which pervaded our little meeting. We continued it for more than two hours, and at length the woman shouted out,

"Hallelujah to God ! I am a new creature. Praise His name for sending to my house these pilgrim singers !"

After singing the Doxology we left, and I am happy to add that I have called on this family

many times since and have found them holding on steadily in the way of life!

A PUBLICAN'S MISSION TO A SICK CHRISTIAN.

Being requested to visit a man who was much concerned about his soul, I went to his home, and found it very comfortable; in fact, he appeared to want for nothing. After a few interviews he was led to look believingly to Christ as his Saviour. I do not remember ever seeing a more joyful and happy man. Often his young wife would ask him, when alone with him,

“But what shall we do when the money is spent?”

“Leave it all to God,” was the poor man’s answer; “He will never let me want. I do not deserve such goodness, but He has given me the promise, and I will trust Him, although the way appears dark.”

He had been receiving the full allowance from his “sick club” for some months; and when at length the time came for him to be put on half-pay, it was, of course, a great trial to him and his wife; but, with the help of a little needlework, in addition to the half-pay, they were enabled to provide for all their needs.

Calling on them one Saturday evening, I found the poor woman in deep distress. To my inquiries she replied,

"The half-pay ceases, and how shall I support my dear, dear husband?"

The afflicted man took his wife's hand and said,

"Do not distress yourself, my love: I shall not want. That God who sent meat and bread night and morning to Elijah, will send to us, how and by whom I cannot say." And closing his eyes, he exclaimed, "My blessed God, Thou hast saved my soul, and made me happy with Thy salvation. I know Thou wilt never forsake me. I have Thy promise; bread is 'sure.'"

Till that moment I had been a stranger to their circumstances. I had often offered them a little money, but it had been as often declined. Now, however, they accepted some assistance, and I promised to see them early in the week.

On the morning of the following Monday the wife was about to take the first article of her dress to pawn, when a loud knock was heard, and, upon her opening the door, a man asked for her husband. She told the stranger that he was ill in bed, and invited him upstairs into the sick man's room. On seeing the invalid the visitor said,

"Well, my old friend, you used to come to my

house a few years back for your supper beer ; but I have not seen you for some years, and, knowing you and your friends when they were living, I have often inquired after you, but in vain. Tell me how you are living, and if you have friends to assist you."

It was some moments before the man could reply. At length he said,

"Sir, I have no friends left, not one belonging to me ; but I have found Jesus. I was, as you know, a sinner, but Jesus has pardoned all my sins. I shall not be here long, but I'm bound for heaven, yes, bound for heaven. I was in a club, and first had full pay, then half-pay, but last Saturday I was run out. But I have my God, and believe He will never forsake me." He could utter no more, but fell back on his pillow.

The publican was affected to tears, and said, "Well, my friend, although I am not a Christian, I think God has put His hand on me for something. Yesterday being Sunday, I thought I would have a day in Epping Forest with my family. But I had not been long there when I began to think about you, and what you were doing, and could not get you from my mind. I thought it was strange, because I had almost forgotten you. After dinner I took a walk in the forest to smoke a cigar, but I could not smoke ; go wherever I

would, you were heavy on my mind, so much so that I said to my wife, 'I must go back to London.' She inquired if I was ill. I could only answer, 'I must go back.' And when I returned I began to make inquiries about you; and, having only just learnt your address, God must have sent me to you; and now I shall be very pleased to provide you with money sufficient to pay baker, butcher, doctor, and landlord, and, if you can take it, half a pint of wine per day out of my cellar as long as you live."

On hearing this kind and welcome speech, the poor wife was quite overcome, and exclaimed, "O, sir, what a mercy you went to the forest to meet with God!"

The publican was true to his word. For several weeks he called daily at the sick man's house, and provided him with all necessary comforts till his death; and then he rendered great assistance in giving the poor man a decent funeral.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

HOW JOHN MILLER WAS CAUGHT.

A member of my class wished me to call upon her at her house, as it would not be possible for

her to continue in our society. I then learnt that her husband objected much to her coming to class or even to chapel. Having ascertained from her what time would be most convenient for me to see her husband, I promised to call and speak to him. When I did so, I found him to be a rough and wicked man. In answer to my observations, he told me he would think on what I had said, and would give his answer in a note. I waited for some days in vain, and at last called on him and asked how it was he had not sent word whether he was willing to let his wife come to class or not. His answer was brief enough :

“No ; never more ; her place is at home. I don’t believe in your Bible, and will thank you to walk out.”

And, suiting the action to the word, he opened the door, saying,

“This way !”

I wished him good evening and came away. A few days after this I called at his house when he was not at home, to learn how many children he had, and whether he was fond of them.

“Mighty fond of both,” replied his wife, “and spares no expense in his way to make them happy.”

I told her that I would call again on the following Sunday, and arranged that she should open

the door for me. At first she objected, thinking that her husband might insult me; but I told her that I should certainly call.

When Sunday came, I took with me two copies of *The British Workman*, and called at the house. The wife opened the door, and I asked if her husband was within. Hearing my voice, the man came out in a great fury, and swore,

“My wife shall never come to the Methodist chapel again; so help me, God!”

I explained to him that that was not the object of my mission; but, knowing that he had a little boy, I had called to see if he would accept a picture for him. I then showed him the number of *The British Workman* containing the portrait of Prince Albert. He looked amazed; and, calling little “Tom,” I gave the picture to him. I then inquired,

“Have you any other children?”

“Only one. Jane, come to father.”

I presented the little girl with the portrait of the Queen, and, shaking hands, was wishing the man good afternoon, when he called his wife, and asked,

“Are you going out to the Park to-night, or no?”

Before she could answer, he turned to me and inquired,

"Which is your chapel? Is it the one at the corner of Portland Street?"

"Yes, that is it."

Putting his hand on his wife's shoulder, he said,

"You had better go there to-night, and I will take the children myself."

At the evening service, accordingly, the poor woman was to be seen walking into a pew, with eyes full of tears; and, later on, the husband came too. The Lord so softened his heart that he allowed his wife still to attend her class, and to bring their children to the chapel, until the providence of God removed them from London.

FAITH EXERCISED IN ADVERSITY.

I was requested, one day, to call on a man engaged in business, and to break to him as gently as possible the news that, in consequence of circumstances over which he had no control, he had lost everything, and would have to leave house and furniture to his creditors. He was much distressed at the sad announcement, and retired for a short time to his closet. Then, returning to the room and calling his family together, he said,

"All is gone; I am ruined; we must soon leave this house and begin life afresh; but God is good, and I believe we shall not want."

The wife was deeply affected, but the husband said to her,

"My dear, I have a letter to read from my Father," and commenced reading the twenty-third Psalm; after which he sang the following verses:

"My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

"In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun."

Not soon shall I forget the happy faith, the steadfast confidence of this man of God; and I sincerely pray that if it be God's will, his last days may be his best, both temporally and spiritually.

POOR, YET THANKFUL.

In the course of my visiting, I called, one day, on a poor old man whom I had known for many years.

After a few general remarks he said, "Will you be offended if I invite you to take tea with me? 'Tis very little I have, but you are quite welcome to share it, and God who feeds the sparrows, will send more when this is gone. I have had some long experience of His faithfulness, and my faith is

stronger every day ; my bread *shall* be given, and my water shall be sure."

Thanking him for his invitation, I drew an old chair to the table.

Then the old man, rising up, said, "Let us ask God's blessing;" and, with a devout look to heaven, he prayed,

"My blessed Jesus, bless what we are about to receive."

Handing a plate of dry toast crusts, sent him from a neighbour's kitchen, he remarked, "They are all good and clean ; take some."

In a few moments he again stood up, holding an old earthen teapot, and repeated the same petition,

"Bless, O Lord, what we are about to receive."

He then poured out a cup for me, but I said, "It's too strong for me, and I wonder you can afford so much tea."

Smiling, he replied, "Bless you, it will not hurt you : it's only coloured with burnt crust, and nicely seasoned with a few cloves and a little salt."

When I looked at this old man of eighty-seven winters, so grateful for such things, I felt condemned that I had not been more thankful to God for all His mercies vouchsafed to me and mine.

It afforded me great pleasure to place, unobserved



POOR, YET THANKFUL.

by him, a trifle in his own cup, just washed, and placed on the shelf ready for the next morning.

AN UNFORGIVING PENITENT.

During a revival of religion, in the promotion of which I was happily engaged, a poor woman became much concerned about her soul. Some of her children had been converted during this blessed visitation, and the mother came to the chapel several successive evenings, and desired the friends to pray with her. We did so; but, although many were finding Jesus, this woman could get no rest. One evening a gentleman invited her to his house after the services at the chapel were concluded. She came, and after a little reading and singing, we prayed for this penitent, who was in such deep distress of mind that it was painful to witness her tears and hear her groans. To all of us it was a mystery that one who seemed so thorough in her repentance, and so earnest in seeking forgiveness, should not have "the peace of God" granted to her.

At last a new thought crossed the mind of our host,

"This woman and her brother are not friendly."

So, when we were still on our knees, he said to her.

"Mrs. P——, could you wash your brother's feet?"

"Wash his feet!" she exclaimed, with much feeling. "No, not I, indeed! if he was here I would slap his face."

"Ah!" said my friend, "*that's* the hindrance to your conversion, and it's useless for us to pray for you."

The woman saw at once that it was so, and, looking to Jesus for strength, she cried,

"Lord, forgive me for not loving my brother Tom. I do forgive him; I can forgive and love him with all my heart."

Instantly she was filled with joy and peace, and, after bidding us all good-night, she went to her brother's house. He had been in bed some time, but she knocked and knocked till she woke him, when, throwing up the window, he inquired,

"Who is it? and what do you want?"

"O, my dear brother, it's *me*. I am come to ask you to forgive me. God has converted my soul. It's all *my* fault we have not been friendly, and I want your forgiveness."

The brother replied, "Wait a little, till I come down and open the door."

As soon as it was opened, the woman threw her arms round her brother's neck, and said, "It's all my fault, Tom."

"Oh, no," he replied; "I have been as bad as you, if not worse; but we will go on our knees together; 'tis the best way to forget and forgive."

They both prayed, forgave, confessed, believed, and separated for the night with songs of deliverance.

SUNDAY AND THE MILK TRADE.

A respectable man was passing our chapel one Sunday evening, when he was invited to the service. He accepted the invitation, and took his seat close to my pew. The sermon was blessed to him, and he remained to the prayer-meeting. His distress was very great, and many earnest prayers were offered up for him. When it pleased the Lord to set his soul at liberty, we could not but be aware of the pleasing fact; for he shouted at the top of his voice, which was none of the weakest,

"I have the blessing: glory, glory, glory to the bleeding Lamb!"

Soon afterwards he went to sea, having promised to write and let me know how he got on with tract distribution, etc., among his shipmates. In one of his letters he appeared greatly distressed at Sunday trading, and said that he had written home to his wife the request that she would "think the matter over" before he returned.

She had four cows, and sold the milk from them on Sundays just the same as on other days. To her husband's mind this no longer seemed to be right. On his arrival at home he found the milk trade still flourishing, and his wife determined to carry it on. Reasoning with her on the subject, he made this proposal :

"I will give up my beer and tobacco, if you will let me sell the cows and keep the Sabbath holy."

But his wife declared the cows gave more milk on the Sundays than on any other days, and should not be sold.

Not long after this, being in London, he called upon me and showed me a letter from his wife, informing him that one of the cows was ill, and asking whether she should go for the cow-doctor. He told me he had sent her word not to have the doctor, unless she thought the cow was in pain and likely to die; adding, "Let us make it a matter of prayer." Putting his hand on my shoulder, he said,

"I am praying God to teach my wife that we ought not to break the Sabbath by selling milk; and I hope she will be willing now to let the cows go."

Arriving at home, he found the cow was killed and buried; and he wrote to me :

"The answer's come, but the wife will hold out. She calls it a judgment on me, but I shall still pray on that the milk trade may not cause me or my family to lose our souls."

Three weeks after this he wrote again :

"Praise the Lord ! my wife cannot sell milk on the blessed Sabbath, for *all* the cows are dead. So I have got the answer to my prayers, and told my wife so. Poor soul ! she said, 'Well, perhaps it's best we should not have the cows ; but I should like to have kept them till the children grew up,' and fell to crying. But I said, 'Cheer up, Lucy ; my Father's rich, and here's the promise :

' He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.' "

A VERY YOUNG CLASS-LEADER.

One Sunday evening a pious mother said to her children, "My dears, it is so very wet I cannot take you to chapel : so I hope you will be very good, and read your Sunday books, and God will bless you. You must pray for me, and I will pray for you."

After the mother had left, the children, with the servant girl, gathered round the table, and were soon interested in their Sunday books and pictures.

*This mother was Mrs D. C. Bulland
of London who had all her twelve children
baptized early in life. H.B.*

After a time the eldest boy—about eleven years of age—said, “I can’t read any more just now; I should like to have a chapel.”

“So should I,” said his sister; “for I feel rather strange.”

To this proposition all agreed, and, putting the books away, the boy said, “We will have a class-meeting, and I will be the leader, like my father.”

The young leader, having got them all seated in a row, began the meeting with the singing of a hymn; after which he said, “Let us all kneel down and pray.”

When he had asked God to bless them in this service, he told the little members, “Now I shall speak my experience.”

He then spoke of his naughty acts, his prayer for mercy, and his exercise of faith in God; and, turning to his little sister, inquired how she felt in her soul.

She replied, “I feel very funny,—sometimes sorry, and sometimes very happy; but I love Jesus, and mean to be good.”

In answer the boy gave her the best advice he could, and then asked his little brother—eight years old—what was *his* state.

“Don’t know, but I always says my prayers, and hope to meet father, mother, and all in heaven.”

His leader told him what to do,—to read the

Bible, love the Saviour, and trust in God. He then spoke to the little servant girl in this fashion, "Now, Ellen, do you feel yourself a sinner?"

"No," was Ellen's startling response; "I don't want to be a sinner, because mistress tells us all sinners go to hell when they die, and I don't want to go there:" and here she began to cry.

"Well," said her leader, "whether you feel it or no, you *are* a sinner; everybody is a sinner, and we can't help it. But God sent His Son to die for us, and if we call on Jesus He will make us good. You must pray."

"Don't know how," replied Ellen, weeping.

"Then say after me, and I will teach you."

Again all knelt down, while the little boy offered a simple prayer to God, the servant repeating it after him. God heard the prayer of these little ones, and sent down His Holy Spirit into their hearts, and they were filled with joy and gladness.

About this time the mother returned from the chapel, and when they heard her knock at the door, all ran to meet her, weeping and shouting; so that she was afraid some accident had happened, and inquired why they were crying.

"O, we've had a class-meeting,—been praying to Jesus to forgive our sins and make us Christ-like, and we are so happy we can't help crying nor laughing."

This was welcome news to the mother, who had prayed much for the *early* conversion of the children, and who thus realised that the Lord Jesus still says, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me : for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"LITTLE SHOES" IN THE CONCERT-ROOM.

Being, one evening, in search of a young man who had run away from his ship, I went into a large concert-room connected with a public-house. A number of seamen and females were listening to a fiddler and to a young woman singing on a small platform or stage. The place was hung round with pictures suited to the taste of the usual class of visitors, and including a few representations of ships, burning mountains, etc.

I took a survey of the place and the company ; and, sitting down, I gave a tract, entitled "The Little Shoes," to a young man, who began reading it. When the song was finished, a young woman inquired what the paper was about, and the reader answered, "Little Shoes."

I then gave a copy to her, when she cried out, "Who wants 'shoes' ? This man is giving them away ;" and a rush was immediately made by men and women to the place where I was sitting. Happily I had plenty of little books of the same

kind, and was able to present each person with one. For a time there was a solemn silence; for all began to read about "Little Shoes."

The first to move was a man about forty years of age, who, having read the tract, took his cap and walked out; then another, and another, followed his example,—many of them with tears in their eyes, till all had left the room, except myself and the blind fiddler. Just then a little potboy came up to me and asked, "What'll you take, sir?"

"Only my hat," I replied, and walked out too.

The results from this tract distribution were most cheering. On the following Sunday five of the men who had received copies came to our seamen's meeting, and three of the girls went to a Home, where they still are. Other results will be revealed at "the great day."

A LITTLE HERO.

As I was going down Whitehorse Street one evening, some boys passed me, running very fast. They were playing at "horses," and one of the little fellows had a string fastened to each arm, whilst another boy was driving him.

By some mishap the little "horse" ran against

an errand boy, and threw his basket off his arm. It was empty, so no great damage was done ; but the errand boy felt insulted, crossed the road, and slapped the driven boy's face, first on one side, then on the other. Some of his companions urged the latter to "pitch into him, and have a good fight."

To this end the string was taken off his arms, and the other boy made preparation for the combat by taking off his jacket ; but at this juncture the little "horse," whose face had been slapped, held out his hand and said, "I am sorry I threw your basket down ; it was quite an accident, and you ought not to slap me ; but shake hands, I'll forgive you."

"He is a coward," shouted several of the bystanders : "afraid to fight, and the biggest of the two."

The colour came into his face in a moment, and, turning round, he exclaimed, "No, I am not afraid to fight ; but I am a Sunday-school boy, and my father is a sailor, and both teacher and father tell me 'tis 'noble to forgive.'"

At this speech a shout of applause arose from the very persons who just before had taunted him as a coward

THE OLD MOTHER'S VOICE RESTORED.

A short time back I was requested to visit an aged female in Limehouse, and found her to be an object of great affliction and pity. She had been paralysed nearly three years, could not move hand or foot, and was lifted into bed or into her chair like a little child. Yet, strange to say, she was quite sensible of her wants and the extent of her affliction, though she could not speak a word or make any sign. Her speech had left her when first taken ill; and now her family and friends, being very anxious to know her state of mind, desired me and my son, who often visited her, to make it a matter of prayer for a month, that God would graciously permit the poor old lady to make some intimation or sign that she was converted, and had a good hope of eternal life.

We did so, and on the fourth Sunday we were all assembled in her room,—her husband and daughter, and myself and my son. We knelt down to pray, and just as we were concluding prayer, the old lady exclaimed, "Glory!"

We were greatly surprised, and I looked round the room to see if any other person were present; but the daughter said, "That's my dear mother's voice come back again."

Then I asked, "Did you speak?"

"Yes," answered the mother.

"What did you say?"

"Glory! glory!"

"Why do you say 'glory'?"

"All my sins are washed away, and I am going to heaven."

In this state did she continue for about three weeks. Although she could not move a finger, or help herself in any way, yet her voice remained all right till she died. Her last words were, "O, the power of prayer! The mercy of God! Meet me in glory."

AN ANSWER AFTER FORTY YEARS.

A sailor's mother, who lived in Stepney, asked me to call at her house. I did so, and found that she had an only son who had run away from home when very young, and gone to America, where he was still, and living a very wicked life. In his last letter to her he had said, "I am an infidel: there is no God; and it will be a great relief to me to know you have given over praying for me."

This letter gave his mother much grief, and she said to me, "Sir, I have been praying and believing forty years next month, and there's no answer yet."

Is all to be in vain? Impossible. O God," she exclaimed, "I will yet believe."

I suggested that she should set apart a few minutes each day for a month for prayer and supplication, that the Almighty would convince and save her son; and I promised to join in similar devotion.

Before the month was expired, I received a message requesting me to call on her immediately. As soon as I entered her house, she cried out, "The answer's come: my dear boy has sent me such a sweet letter, asking my forgiveness, and telling me that one day at a certain hour he felt compelled to retire to a place in the 'store,' and there pray for God to have mercy upon him, and pardon all his sins; and adding the joyful news that he was saved, and intended to return home, in order to make my last days bright and easy. I'll doubt God no more," concluded the old lady; "it's just like Him: all His promises are sure, but it did seem a long time to wait; yet it's worth waiting for."

JUST IN TIME.

Having missed a poor woman from our congregation for several weeks, I called at her house to inquire the reason. She was a widow with four

small children, all unprovided for; and in consequence of her husband's death from typhus fever she had lost all her work. In order to procure bread for her children, she had sold or pawned most of her furniture and clothes, rather than apply to the parish for help. I found her in deep distress, and the children in want of bread. When I had given the mother two shillings, she immediately ran downstairs without speaking a word to me; at which I was of course much surprised. While I was wondering at her strange conduct, she came back, holding three penny pieces in her fingers, and exclaiming,

"Praise the Lord, the rent's paid, and all this left!"

Then, calling her children, she knelt down with them round an old chair without a back, and sang the hymn beginning, "My Shepherd will supply my need," etc.

At length, rising up, she said,

"Please, sir, excuse my not thanking you for the money; but I am bewildered. I owed a week's rent—one-and-ninepence—and the landlord called on Saturday night and said, if it was not paid by twelve o'clock this morning, I must go out, and he would let the room to those that could pay. I went to pray, and these words were given to me, 'Only believe, and thou shalt see the salvation of

God.' I told the man he should certainly have the money ; so he said he would take the card out of the window. I knew help would come, but *how* ? I left that to my Father."

So true is it that "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

THE CAPTAIN AT THE COMMUNION RAIL.

One Sunday evening a blessed outpouring of the Holy Spirit took place at our chapel ; and at the prayer-meeting an invitation was given to the penitents to come up to the communion rail. Many came, and went away rejoicing. Amongst them was a captain who had not been in port many days, and had come to chapel as usual. Often had he been spoken to about giving his heart to God, but his reply always was, "Time enough yet." On arriving at home from this voyage, however, he found his wife converted and meeting in class. This made him feel very serious and thoughtful. The Lord soon brought him to his knees, and in his pew he cried aloud, and earnestly prayed for salvation. After a time, when there was room at the communion rail, I invited him to come up, and he came, but continued for a long while in deep distress of soul. I then desired his wife to come and tell him how she found

the Lord. She came at once, and, kneeling by his side, spoke a few words to him, and then said,

“It is so easy ; it is ‘only believe.’”

The captain then cried, “Lord, I will believe, I do believe, I can believe, that Jesus is mine, and I am His!”

And, falling on his wife’s neck, and kissing her before the congregation, he said,

“I am so happy ! saved through the blood of the Lamb.”

Near this happy couple was another captain, who was weeping on the neck of a little boy. I inquired whether he knew the lad.

“Yes, he is my only son, and he too has given himself to God, and feels his sins forgiven. I am thinking, what will his mother say, when I reach home, to find Charles on the Lord’s side ? She has long prayed for him, and now the answer’s come. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord !”

VICTORY OVER THE DEVIL.

A member of my class had for many months been troubled with a powerful temptation that he was not converted, but was deceiving himself. For several years he had been a backslider, but I had at length prevailed on him to attend the chapel again, and he had become a consistent member of

society. After some time, however, the devil harassed him with the suggestion that what he had experienced was mere excitement, and not conversion ; and so distressed was he, that at times he could not attend the house of God, or pursue his daily work. After some conversation a friend agreed to join him in prayer at a certain time each day for a week, that God would deliver him from the power of the devil.

On the Sunday following this week of prayer I called to see him. The door was opened by his wife, who said that he was in the parlour. Entering that room, I found him on his knees, weeping. Hearing my footsteps, he rose up with tears and smiles, and said,

“I have got the victory. About one o'clock this afternoon the old devil came again, and whispered in my ear, ‘It’s all delusion, you know it’s all delusion ;’ but I sank on my knees, and the promise came, ‘They that wait upon God shall renew their strength.’ I sprang on my feet, opened both doors, and said, ‘Walk out, devil ; your company is not wanted here. “I am my Lord’s, and He is mine.”’ And he went flying away, and has not dared to come again. Come, my friend, and let us sing,

‘Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I’d call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy Gospel to my heart.’

“And this also :

‘ Jesus ! the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky ;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.’ ”

SPECIAL PRAYER IN A SPECIAL CASE.

After I had been engaged in the service of the Seamen’s Mission about two years, I went to spend my holidays in a small village about twenty-five miles from London, where I had several friends and acquaintances. Soon after my arrival I was informed of the following circumstance :—

The wife of an old schoolfellow of mine was dangerously ill, and was desirous that some one should go and pray with her : but her husband declared that “no person should come there praying ; she might pray herself, and if not, she might go to hell ;” and had solemnly declared that if any one ventured to cross his garden for that purpose, he would blow their brains out.

I was deeply pained to hear such a shocking statement about an old acquaintance, and suggested that special prayer should be offered to God with reference to this unnatural husband, and that another effort should be made to see his poor wife. Many said, “It is of no use : he has threatened us again and again.”

I then told them I should go the following day, if they would meet to pray for a special blessing on my errand. Some agreed to this, but others tried to prevail on me not to go, saying, "You will lose your life."

I replied, "Go I shall."

On the following day the friends met for special prayer, and I started for the man's cottage. Before I reached the garden gate, I plainly saw the gun placed close to the front door, and the man sitting in a chair close by, looking more like a demon than a human being. Walking up to him, I inquired after his health and trade, and whether he remembered our early days and games, such as marbles, hoop, and kite: and reminded him of the happy days in the Sunday-school, when his grandmother used to sing, "Jesu, lover of my soul," etc. The man could not speak, but, taking up his gun, was about to walk off. Putting my hand on his shoulder, I told him how sorry I felt to hear of his wife's illness, and that I was come to see her and pray with her. He was greatly agitated, and made no reply. I pressed him to accompany me into the house, but he answered,

"No, you may go in, Thomas, and pray, if you like, but I shall go and shoot sparrows."

I had scarcely opened the door before I heard the report of a gun, and, looking out, found the

man had discharged his weapon in the air ; the hand of God was upon him, and he had not courage to shoot even a sparrow.

I found the poor sick woman in deep distress of mind, crying, "O, I shall be lost ! I've neglected my soul till it is too late ;" and, fixing her eyes on me, she asked, "How did you get in ? That gun was his : did he see you ? I fear something dreadful if he comes and finds you here."

"It is all right," I replied : "I have seen your husband, and God's hand is upon him for good."

After reading a portion of God's Word, and prayer, I left with a promise that I would see her again shortly. Passing through the little garden, I saw the man leaning over the gate.

Presently he opened it, saying, "Good day : what do you think of her ?"

"She will not live a month," I replied.

"Then you come and see her whenever you like."

For two weeks I visited the poor woman every day, and trust that she was enabled to believe on the sinner's Friend.

After that fortnight I saw her no more, but heard that her end was peaceful and happy. To God be all the glory ! Amen.



VII.

Death in Various Aspects.



HAPPY DEATH OF OLD FATHER WILLIAMS.

THIS old man, who had been a coast-guard, had been converted in early life, and had done much service for his Divine Master. Some few years ago he came to reside in the East-end of London, and joined the Society at the Seamen's Chapel. For many years he led the morning prayer-meetings at seven o'clock, and such was his love for God's house that he was never known to be absent from his class, or any other means of grace, except when detained by illness, which happened very rarely. He would often speak to me on the subject of death and dying, and used to say, "I should like to have you with me when I'm called away;" and, to satisfy the old pilgrim, I promised that I would be with him, if possible, at the last.

Some months before he died he had a long and painful affliction, during which I visited him very

frequently, and shall never forget his patience, love, and cheerful confidence in God. One Saturday evening, calling to see him, I found him apparently better and disposed to go to sleep.

"See me in the morning," he said; "the angels have been here, and I'm rather tired; but my joy is unspeakable. Leave me now and call to-morrow."

Early the next morning his daughter called me up, saying,

"O, come now; father is dying; he has been calling for you these last two hours, but we did not like to disturb you."

I was soon at his bedside. His wife, coming into the room, said,

"O, you are too late; he will not know you."

I spoke a few words to him, but he seemed unconscious. After a while I asked, "Father Williams, do you know me?"

He replied, "No."

"Do you know this woman?"

"No."

"Do you want anything?"

"No."

"Then, if you do not know this person, who is your wife, nor who I am, I will ask you if you know anything of Jesus Christ, and the power of His grace."

At these words his eyes filled with tears, and he became greatly animated, exclaiming,

"Know the Lord Jesus Christ? Ah, for more than sixty years I have known Him. He's my very life and salvation, my God, in whom I trust."

Then he repeated the hymn beginning, "Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness."

Observing that his strength began to fail, I desired him to take a little rest. After a few moments he called me to his side and asked,

"Is not this the Sabbath-day?"

I answered, "Yes, it is."

"Thank God," responded the old pilgrim, and, closing his eyes for some minutes, he said, "My Master calls; I am going home on this holy day."

After this he seemed to be unconscious for a short time; then he expressed a wish to sit up a little while in his "old arm-chair." We lifted him up gently and placed him in it, when he called his wife and said,

"I am going home, my dear, to the New Jerusalem. We have lived a long and happy life together, but I must leave you. Do not weep; God will not forsake you. 'Twill not be for long before you join me in glory."

Then, giving her and their only daughter a farewell kiss, he said to me,

"Is this death? I have no fear; but hold my

head ; my neck aches ; but I must sit here ; for the Master is calling me."

I threw my arm round him to support him, when he gave a smile and said,

"O, so happy ! The Master's come ; I'm going home. Can this be dying ? Precious Jesus ! precious Saviour ! precious blood ! Good-bye. The Master's here, and I must—go—home."

So saying, his happy spirit escaped from the body, to be "for ever with the Lord."

TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF MARY JANE HOWES, OF
LIMEHOUSE.

In December, 1875, I heard of the illness of one of our Sunday scholars, and, calling to see her, I found her suffering from what her parents considered only a slight cold. In the evening her mother took her to see a doctor, who, on examining her, at once perceived the serious nature of her disorder, and ordered her, on her return home, to keep to her bed. As she was an only daughter, much beloved, and of a sweet and kindly disposition, it will easily be understood that her parents' anxiety on her account was great. The love of this dear girl for her Sunday-school and teachers was so great that she was never absent except when compelled by severe illness.

Yet, with all her amiability, Mary Jane Howes was a stranger to the enjoyments of true religion. She did not possess that "peace which passeth all understanding," nor had she realised the happy consciousness that her sins were blotted out through the merits of the Redeemer. On the Sunday following the visit mentioned above, she became so much worse that her parents and friends desired the prayers of the congregation at the Seamen's Chapel on her behalf; and, as will be seen, these united supplications did not remain unanswered; for, though she was not restored to health, she received great spiritual good. After the evening service I again called, and found that her disorder had made so much progress that she was hardly able to speak. I spoke a few words to her, and then commended her to God in earnest prayer. Early the following morning I called again and found her sleeping, and that her parents entertained renewed hopes of her being raised up from the bed of sickness. But it was otherwise ordered. Soon after eleven o'clock that night her father hastened to my house and requested me to come immediately, as he was afraid his dear child was dying.

I was soon at her bedside, and saw only too plainly that her days were numbered. She had not been told that she was about to die. I there-

fore requested all, excepting her mother, to leave the room ; and then asked her whether she thought her end was near, and if she felt prepared to meet her God. I shall not soon forget her look of surprise, as she concluded from this solemn question that, in the opinion of her friends, she had not long to live, and the terrible earnestness with which she exclaimed,

“No, I am *not* prepared to meet my God. But I am not dying: I hope soon to recover and be a help to my dear mother.”

I then told her that, to all appearance, she would be in the world of spirits before many hours had passed, and urged her at once to seek the mercy of God through Christ Jesus.

“Oh,” she exclaimed, “I am not fit to die! I am not converted ; I can’t die.”

I pointed her to Jesus as the only hope for sinners, and therefore *her* only hope, and prayed with her most earnestly. During prayer she became still more impressed with her awful danger ; and I repeated to her those gracious words of the Saviour, “Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out ;” “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ;” and then withdrew to another room, that she might quietly reflect upon them.

After an absence of a few minutes I came into

her room again. She looked at me with a look of agony bordering on despair, and exclaimed,

“Oh, Mr. Garland, my soul—my poor soul! I am unprepared for death and judgment. I have been all my lifetime indifferent to the offers of my Saviour.”

I again prayed with her, and repeated other portions of Scripture applicable to her case; but all appeared of no benefit to her. Despair had laid hold of all the faculties of her soul, and was depicted on her countenance. It was heart-rending to hear her groans and to see her tears. After a while she asked her attendants to sing the well-known words :

“Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o’er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.”

Having sung this verse, we stopped; when she cried out, “Sing it through.”

After the hymn had been sung through, she said, “O, sing it again.”

While we were singing the second verse,—

“Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.”

despair yielded to faith, and, with a joyful smile and taking hold of my hand, she exclaimed, "Jesus loves me,—saved through the blood of the Lamb. My burden is all gone, my sins are all forgiven, I can die now."

She then desired us all to join in singing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," etc.

As her strength seemed to be failing her, I desired her to take a little rest, but she said, "Not yet. Where is my mother? Come here, mother."

Then, kissing her most affectionately, she said, "My dear mother, I am going home, going to heaven. I know you are on the way; I shall watch and wait. Now promise me you will meet me in glory."

The promise was solemnly given.

"Thank God," the dying girl exclaimed; I will come and meet you at the gate. Now let my father come to me."

On her father approaching her bedside, she threw her arms round his neck, and, kissing him, said, "My dear father, I shall soon leave you: I am going to the New Jerusalem; mother is coming to join me. Now kneel down beside me, and promise to come with her. In heaven you will neither be deaf, nor want your fiddle: for golden harps are there. Will you promise to meet me?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"That will do," she said: "Give me one more kiss, and I shall tell Jesus that you are coming up."

Mary had two brothers, one of whom was at home, and the other at sea. Having sent for the former, she took hold of his hand, and said to him, "Kneel down, George: I want to speak to you once more before I die. I am going away, and shall leave you behind; but I must go, Jesus calls me; I want you to follow. Father and mother are both coming, and you must promise me to come too."

"I will try," was the response.

Throwing her arms round him, she exclaimed, "That will not do. Say, 'Yes, yes.'"

George then said, "I will."

She then left a message for her sailor brother, and, sending for such of her companions as were in the house, she addressed to each of them a few earnest words of exhortation. Being now exhausted, she lay down for a few moments and appeared to fall into a calm sleep; but, suddenly starting up, she said, "Sing another hymn; for I feel so happy, I must sing."

A friend began singing, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

"No, no: not that," she cried; "Jesus is not *passing by*; He is here, in this room, in my soul—Sing—

“Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from her sinful way,
And is born a new, a ransomed child.”

In this triumphant song she joined as much as her strength would permit. She then called me to her bedside, thanked me warmly for my visits, and bade me give her dying love to each member of my family. Then, grasping my hand, she said,

“Good-bye; we shall meet again in the better land. Give my dying love to all the school children, and to the teachers, especially to Captain Bullard, who was the first to speak to me and invite me to the school eleven years next March; also to Messrs. Reader, Morris, and Peacock.” Pointing upwards, she added, “Ask them all to meet me up there.”

She then whispered in my ear, “Tell Mr. Peacock that I shall see his little Annie *first*,”—referring to a little girl who had lately died—“and that when he comes up, we will ask Jesus to let us run and open the gates.”

Her mother asked her, “Are you not tired, my dear Mary?”

“O ño,” she replied; “I am crossing the river, but the water is not deep; I can feel the bottom. And, like David, I can walk *through* the valley of

the shadow of death : it is the way home to my Father's house above."

She then desired all who were present to join in singing,

"Jerusalem, my happy home !
Name ever dear to me ;
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ? "

After a short pause, one of her attendants said to her, " Your suffering will soon be over, for there is a ' gate ajar ' for you."

" No," she replied, " not ' ajar,' it is wide open, wide open for me."

She then asked us to sing, " O think of the home over there." A little while after she said to her mother,

" Hark ! mother, hark ! I hear singing, O such singing ! I see angels ; they all have long white robes, and golden crowns on their heads. Dear mother, this must be the valley of death. It seems dark and long, but I do not fear ; Jesus is holding my hand, and I see a light at the other end ; angels also, with outstretched arms to receive me ; and I shall have a harp, a golden harp ; and O, won't I strike it loud when I reach the other side ! "

Her mother said to her, " My poor dear Mary, what shall I do without you ? "

She at once replied, " Don't call me ' poor ' ; I am a King's daughter, all glorious within."

For a short time the enemy was suffered to tempt and distress her ; but soon the tempter was overcome, and with a sweet smile she cried,

“He is gone now ; I only see Jesus.”

Her bodily sight now began to fail, but she was conscious to the last. Holding up her hand, her mother said to her,

“Can you see my hand, Mary ?”

“No,” she replied, “I cannot see *you*, but I do see JESUS. I am nearly home now. All sing—

‘Who, who are these beside the chilly wave,

Just on the borders of the silent grave,

Shouting Jesus’ power to save,

“Washed in the blood of the Lamb” ?

Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,

“Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”’”

She joined in the singing, and when it was over, said, “Mother, one more kiss.”

Shortly afterward she exclaimed, “Jesus, Jesus ! my—precious—Jesus !” and her sanctified lips closed in death.

Thus died Mary Jane Howes, on Tuesday, December 21st, 1875, in the nineteenth year of her age.

THE DYING IRISH GIRL.

Visiting some sick persons in a court in Ratcliffe, I was asked to call and see a little girl who was

thought to be dying, and found her very near the end. The room was almost full of people, drinking and smoking, who had come to see the last of "the young 'un." The poor child was trying to explain something to her mother; but she could not speak plain on account of the state of her tongue and throat. I moistened her lips with a feather, and, after drinking a little water from an oyster-shell,—the only appliance that I could find available,—she smiled and said,

"O, sir; I shall soon be at home."

"Is not this your home?" I inquired.

"O, no; that's my father and my mother; but I am going to heaven, to be an angel, and have a crown and a white robe. Kneel down, I want to whisper."

And as I put my ear to her mouth, she said,

"Father and mother do not love Jesus. They used to beat me when I went to Ratcliffe Square Ragged-School, and I have cuts on me now; but I forgive them, and when I am gone home, will you ask them to be good and come to heaven too?"

She then desired me to put my hand in a dirty little bag which lay under her pillow. I did so, and took out a little paper, when she said,

"O, sir; do sing with me this pretty hymn."

We did our best to sing,—

"Come, sing to me of heaven,
Now I'm about to die," etc.

We had scarcely finished the hymn when the messenger came, and the little girl gently passed from earth to be for ever with the Lord,—one of many trophies to the good work of the London Ragged-schools, and to Him whose mercy has crowned it with such blessed results.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

Amongst remarkable cases which I have recently visited is that of an aged woman, whom I had known for many years, and who, previously to her affliction, seemed to be walking in darkness and doubt as to her acceptance with God. Some years back she met with an accident and broke her leg; on account of her great age, and the swelling not being sufficiently reduced, the limb could not be set, and she was compelled to keep in bed. This seeming calamity was made a great blessing to her soul, and through faith in her Saviour she was enabled to rejoice continually. Three years after her leg was broken, it pleased the Lord to add another sore trial—a cancer in her breast. But, although she suffered constant pain, not a murmur escaped her lips, but day and night her mouth was filled with praise and thanksgiving.

On my last visit to her, I asked her how she was getting on.

"Well," she replied, "you see the body is not worth much ; for I have not only a broken leg and a bleeding cancer, but since I saw you last it has pleased my heavenly Father to take away *my sight*, so that I am totally blind. But it is all right ; the Lord does not afflict willingly ; it is for my good, and I cannot complain. The joy of my heart is so great that I would not change places with the Queen. And as regards my lying here and suffering for the last seven years, what is it to what my blessed Lord suffered for me?"

I asked, "Do you not at times feel dull and lonely?"

"‘Dull,’ ‘lonely?’ No, never ; for although I cannot see you, by faith I can always see Jesus ; and when in the night my pains are so great that I cannot sleep, I am cheered with the promise, ‘Lo, I am with you ;’ and the thought that soon I shall walk the golden streets, and be with my Saviour—why, I get so happy that I lie and laugh at my prospect."

On my giving her a trifle of money, she remarked, "O how good God is ! Although I am kept by the parish, yet I am rich, wanting nothing but a more thankful heart."

Kneeling down to pray, I asked her what I should pray for.

"O, the Lord will teach you ; I must not open

my mouth ; if I did, perhaps it would be to ask Him to take me home."

Then, placing her hand on my head, she said, "Do not think it nice and easy to be a blind, lame old woman, and have the cancer for so long a time. But faith says, 'All will be well.' God's will be done. If I am to lie here a little longer and suffer, it will be for His glory ; if I die, it will be 'gain' to me."

After commending her to God in prayer, I took my leave of her. Her last words to me were: "Only believe ; faith works wonders." Surely, if applied to such a case, there is no exaggeration in the words of the poet :

" Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here."

A DYING DAUGHTER'S CURSE.

I was called one afternoon to visit a young woman of immoral life, who was thought to be dying. I found her in a sadly distressed state of body and mind, and surrounded by several of her fallen companions ; but the latter all left as soon as they saw me enter the room. I tried to calm the poor creature, who was in a very excited state ; but it was with great difficulty that I could get her to listen to me. I knelt down to pray that God,

the long-suffering Father, would have mercy on this wandering child, and pardon her sins. But she began to cry out,

"Where's my mother? Fetch my mother, fetch my mother now."

Her mother was soon by her side, and, taking hold of her daughter's arm, said, weeping,

"Oh, my poor child, I hope you won't die yet."

The girl cried, "Mother, hands off! hands off! I can't die without giving you my curse; and if there is a God in heaven, you will feel that curse!"

The mother said, "You see, sir, she is wandering."

"No," the young woman replied, "not wandering. I *have* wandered, and it was all through you. You know, father sent me to school, and then I was good and virtuous; but *you* led me astray; *you* were the cause of my ruin, and spent the first money of my fallen, infamous life in gin. It has been only about four years, but I have had a hell in my bosom all the time; and if I am lost—but why do I say '*if*?' I am sure I shall be lost, and that for ever."

And then she breathed such curses on her mother's head as no pen of mine shall ever write. On the following day she died.

A BACKSLIDER'S DEATH.

One day I was informed of the illness of a man of independent means, whom I had known for several years, and who now was expected to live only a short time. Knowing that for a long while he had lost all religion, and had been living a very bad life, I was anxious to learn what state of mind he was in ; and was sorry to hear from his friends that he was so dreadfully wicked that it was difficult to get persons to attend to him ; in fact, his language had been so shocking that the men engaged to sit up with him at night were so thoroughly disgusted and frightened that they had called his wife, or nurse, and declared they *could* not, *would* not, remain in his room till morning, although as much as ten shillings had been offered them.

Late one evening, having heard that there was great difficulty in finding any person to attend to him during the night, I called and inquired after his health, etc., when his wife mentioned her trouble, and wished me to find a man who would come for one night, she herself and the nurse being completely "beaten out," having attended to her husband four days and nights without any other assistance. The man, hearing my voice, cried out,

"I don't want you in my room ; I won't have you, nor any one like you."

Knowing he was bedridden, I said, "Yes, I shall come in."

He was in a great rage ; but his wife told him of the difficulty in getting any night help, and that I had offered to sit in the room and wait upon him "for nothing." Then, finding that money would not induce even a dock labourer to come, he consented that I should remain, on condition that I would not speak to him about religion. I gave the required promise, and soon afterwards the family retired to rest, leaving me alone with this dying man. I had known him previously as a very pious, godly man, and as having been instrumental in leading many souls to Jesus, and I was inexpressibly pained to see how "the mighty man" was "fallen."

After sitting a while, I took a small Bible out of my pocket, and began reading it to myself ; but as my back was turned towards his bed, he could not see what I was reading. Finding, however, that I had some book in my hand, he inquired what book it was. I answered, "The Holy Bible ;" at which he broke out into the most disgusting and blasphemous language. I closed the volume, and sat looking into the fire for about half an hour, when, thinking he was asleep, I again ventured to read.

But he saw me, and said, "Will you come to my bedside?" I did so. "Come a little nearer." I obeyed the command. "A little nearer; I wish to whisper in your ear." I then stooped over him, listening for what he might have to say, when he instantly spat in my face, saying, "That is my feeling towards all who read that book." His manner was so violent that I thought he would die instantly, and I called in the nurse and his wife. But the paroxysm of rage passed away once more, and they returned to their beds.

I felt so much compassion for this poor unhappy man that I never left the house during two days and three nights, hoping to have the opportunity of saying a few words to him about his soul. But he would not listen to a single word, and when I once knelt down to pray his visage became fiend-like. On several occasions, however, he told me that he once loved God, and if any man ever was converted, he had been.

"If," he said to me, "any persons should tell you that a man cannot fall from grace, tell them from me that it *is* possible, and not only so, but *a great fact.*"

Just before he died, he said, "Yes, I was once a child of God, and felt as safe and as sure of heaven as I do now of hell. I don't want to pray; I don't wish to go to heaven."

Covering his face with the sheet, he exclaimed, "Oh, God, hell would be a refuge from Thy presence!" and his spirit immediately departed, and returned to God who gave it. I wish never again to witness such a death as his.

A SAD BUT TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

A native of Guernsey, who was steward on board a large "collier," met with his death in a very melancholy manner. Going below with another man to fetch some stores, and striking a match, he was blown up by the explosion of some gas which had been generated there. The other poor fellow lived for a few days in dreadful agony, and then death put an end to his sufferings.

Thomas, the Guernsey man, was still more fearfully injured, his arms and legs being nearly blown from his body, and his face so disfigured that it was terrible to look upon. Indeed, so mutilated was he that when the men went to his assistance, they were compelled to wrap him up in an old sail, and so convey him to the hospital. Yet, strange to say, he was quite sensible ; and his first words were, "Glory to God, I'm not afraid to die. I know in whom I have believed."

The doctor was soon by his bedside, and said, "I will do my best for you, my poor man."

“‘Poor’!” cried Tom, “‘poor’! O no; I have an inheritance, a kingdom, and a crown. I am nearing the port, and shall cast anchor.”

Soon afterwards the captain came and spoke to him respecting his wages and clothes; but he replied, “Do not speak of anything worldly: I’ve done with all, except my wife and daughter. I have done my duty to them, but they are living bad. The Lord save them. Tell them to meet me in heaven.”

He was now quite prostrate, when some one remarked, “He will soon be gone.”

At these words he cried out, “Yes, I shall soon be gone; but I’m packed up—got my ticket—ready to—go—home;” and died immediately.

About six weeks before this took place, he was in our reading-room, and spoke his experience, saying, “Mr. Garland, I do love this place; here I found Christ: but I have an impression that my time on earth is short, very short. But, glory to my heavenly Father, I am ready for all His blessed will: sudden death would be sudden glory.”

After this he attended the preaching in the chapel, and the sermon was much blessed to him; and in the subsequent prayer-meeting he prayed in a very remarkable manner.

On leaving the chapel he shook hands with the minister, saying, “Good-night, and good-bye.”

To me he said, "O, what a blessed day this has been!" and, pointing upwards, he added, "'But what will it be to be there?' I believe my race is nearly run; I shall soon stand on one side and coil up my ropes. Farewell till we meet in heaven." In his case there was undoubted evidence of preparation for the great change which came upon him so suddenly.

THE CONVERTED INFIDEL.

In one of my visits to the London Hospital I became acquainted with John Hubbuck, of Cubitt Town. He had been an avowed infidel for many years, but the happy death of a seaman in the next bed to him had led him to see his danger, and to cry for mercy. After a few weeks he was enabled to leave the hospital and to resume work for the support of his family. For some years they attended our chapel, and then removed to Cubitt Town; but he had not been there long before it pleased the Lord to take him away to another world.

One Sunday evening, on returning home from the Wesleyan chapel, he said to his wife,

"What a blessed thing it is to have religion! I feel it would do me good to shout 'Glory!'"

After supper they had family prayer and retired

to rest ; but early in the morning John arose and dressed himself, and after reading and prayer, he sang the favourite hymn, "We sing of the realms of the blest," etc. ; and, kissing his wife, left for his work. Within a few minutes he returned home and said,

"I must kiss the children."

After giving them each a kiss, and another one to his wife, he observed,

"I never felt so happy in my life,—and yet so strange. If anything should happen to me at the works, I feel ripe for glory."

The work-bell was ringing, and he left home ; but had not been at work more than ten minutes when a large beam of wood fell from the crane and killed him in an instant. His poor wife had been so surprised at his manner, that she arose as soon as he left the cottage, and was just lighting the fire when a messenger arrived with the dreadful news of her dear husband's death. When a flood of tears had brought her a little relief, she raised her eyes to heaven and cried,

"Thank God, he was quite ready !"



VIII.

London Life.

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A DEAD MAN RESTORED.

I N the year 1864, when the cholera was raging in the East of London, I was requested to visit the patients and their families, not only for the purpose of affording relief from what was called "The Lord Mayor's Fund," but also in order to read the Scriptures, pray with the sufferers, and tender religious consolation. What I witnessed during those two months I shall never forget,—scenes of poverty, affliction, distress in its many varieties of form, as well as instances of immorality, and, sad to say, wicked and heartless imposition.

In giving the following details of one case, it is necessary to explain that when a death from cholera took place, the parish authorities required the bed, on which the patient had lain, to be burnt, and then replaced it with a new one; and the Committee which administered "The Lord Mayor's

Fund" paid for the funerals of all those whose relatives were too poor to bear the expense.

One evening a female came to the Committee, apparently in deep distress, and told them that her dear husband had been "taken and dead in six hours." She hoped that money would be given her at once, in order to purchase a coffin and get him buried immediately, as there were other persons living in the house. Suspensions were aroused by her statement and demeanour, and she was told that her case would be attended to and visited in the morning. She was very anxious to receive the money then and there; but the Committee were firm in their determination to examine into the case first. Accordingly, next morning, I called at the house in Ratcliffe Square, and found the woman scarcely able to speak for crying. She invited me upstairs to see her "poor husband." I ascended and discerned a man laid out on an old mattress, a sheet covering him all but his face. I was going nearer to "the corpse," but the wife laid her hand on my shoulder and said,

"Dear sir, do not go *too* near; it's a bad case; you might catch it and die."

I had seen hundreds of cases in all forms, and, instead of being alarmed, felt convinced, from the appearance of the man's face, that he was *not quite dead*. I told the woman that I had a wish just to

touch him, reminding her that some persons have an idea that if they do not touch the dead they are sure to dream about them. To this proposition she strongly objected, and, covering her face with her apron, cried out,

“Lord have mercy on a poor widow!”

Meantime I walked to the bed very quietly, being wishful not to disturb the woman, and, touching the man's face, found that it was not *quite* cold. Pursuing my investigation, I pressed my thumb-nail into his face with some force; on which the presumed “dead man” gave vent to an awful shout, “O, my God! not so hard!”

The effect was electric. The woman's tears at once ceased to flow, and she ran downstairs, leaving me alone with her husband, and without thanking me for restoring him to life and vigour. Wiping the preparation of flour and whitening from off his face, I ordered him to get up immediately and wash and dress himself. Then I spoke to him faithfully, and was kneeling down to pray, when the man called out, “Betsy, won't you come up?” But Betsy did not answer: doubtless, shame and confusion had covered her face, and she was reluctant to display it. It is hardly necessary to add, as the sequel, that these two worthies speedily removed to another parish.

SEARCHING FOR A RUNAWAY IN A THEATRE.

A gentleman residing in Liverpool sent an earnest request that I would seek for his brother, who had just returned from sea and had been paid off in that port. During his voyage his father had died and left considerable property. No sooner had the young man received his wages, than he drew from the trustees a hundred pounds and started for London. Since then, only one letter had been received from him, and it was supposed that he had become associated with bad companions.

Beginning my search, I found that he had quitted his former lodgings, and the landlord could not tell me where to find him, unless it were at one of the theatres. This was not a very valuable clue; but, having his photograph sent me from his home, I commenced operations, and after visiting gin shops, concert rooms, &c., I went to the "Pavilion," and looked for the stray sheep in the pit, and then in other parts of the house, having of course to pay extra money. Having satisfied myself that he was not there, I visited another large theatre, paying various sums for admission to different parts of the building. At last, from one of the boxes, I thought I could

see the young man, who appeared to be in the company of a female, and to be either sleeping or drunk. With the help of a police-officer I soon found my way into the pit, and then felt quite satisfied that this was the very person I wanted. The question was how to get him away.

Taking my seat behind the couple, I found that the man was under the influence of drink or some powerful drug. When the curtain fell, I said to the young woman,

"Do you know this man? Are you connected with him? I am about to give him in charge respecting a sum of money and a gold watch; if so, I shall include you in the charge."

The man's senses were too far gone for him to know what I was talking about; but the woman turned pale and answered,

"No, I know nothing about him; quite a stranger to him."

"I am not so sure of that," I replied; "I feel persuaded I shall have to include you."

Meanwhile the curtain was again drawn up, and the actors were proceeding with the play; but I sat watching the woman's movements, and again mentioned my suspicions to her; but she denied the impeachment. Presently, however, I saw her put her hand in her bosom, and after a time heard a heavy thud on the floor,—then another thud.

The curtain again fell, and I addressed the young man : " Come, get up ; you are wanted immediately. News from home, news from home ! "

" Home, home," he repeated.

" Yes ; come with me immediately."

He rose at once to leave, and while the police man was leading him out, the woman looked down on the floor and said,

" See, sir, he has dropped his purse. Dear me ! he has dropped his gold watch as well ! "

I took up the watch and the purse, and in the presence of the policeman counted £50 in gold, besides loose silver. The man had been drugged, and while he was under the drowsy influence, the woman had taken his watch and purse from his person, and he would have lost all had I not providentially found him that evening. It was some days before he recovered from the effects of drink ; but he then signed the temperance pledge for life, and is now a thoroughly reformed man.

THE INFIDEL AND HIS SON.

Being requested one day to visit a man who was dangerously ill, I went, and found him to be a disciple of " Tom " Paine, and quite unwilling for me to read the Bible or pray with him. For several weeks I visited and relieved him, sometimes taking

him a little jelly, grapes, etc. ; but I could not prevail on him to allow me to speak of Jesus. It pleased God to bless the means used for his recovery, and to restore him gradually to health. One afternoon I found him downstairs, and he told me that he hoped soon to be able to resume his work ; that he would not trouble me to call again, but if he could oblige me in any way at any future time, it would be a great gratification to him to do so, in return for my attention to him during his long illness.

I felt much perplexed how to act, for I had given him a promise not to speak to him on the Christian religion ; yet I felt strangely drawn out in prayer for his conversion. Meeting him one evening, I asked him to grant me a small favour, and he at once acceded to my request. The boon I asked was, that he would allow his eldest son to attend our Sunday-school. For a time he was silent, then gave his consent ; and on the following Sunday morning I called for the boy, and introduced him to the superintendent.

Several weeks after this, the father, one Sunday morning, noticing that the beershops had taken down their shutters, desired the lad to fetch his "dinner beer." The boy hesitated, and the father, with angry and blaspheming words, ordered him to take his cap and the jug and go at once for "a

pot of half-and-half." The boy began to weep, and the father, becoming furious, at length asked,

"Are you ill? If so, I will send one of the others."

"Please, father," replied the lad, "do not send me to the public-house on the Sunday. I will be a good boy and make haste home from school; I will rock the cradle on washing-days without teasing mother, and will give up my penny a week, if you will not send me for beer on Sundays. Teacher says if we break the Sabbath God will be angry and send us to hell; but if good, He will take us to heaven when we die. Oh, please, father,"—falling on his knees,—“do not send me for beer on Sundays, because I want to be good and love Jesus.”

The father's heart was touched, and, putting the jug on the shelf, he said,

"Ah, that is what the Methodists teach, is it? Then, from this time forth and for ever, neither you nor any of my family shall fetch beer again on Sundays."

The same evening the father went with his wife to our chapel. The Word came with power to his heart, and in the following week he began to read the Bible. Soon he destroyed his infidel books, gave himself to God, and in about six weeks' time joined the Methodist Society. Since that period



THE INFIDEL AND HIS SON.

he has continued to live a consistent life, and now rejoices in seeing all his children converted to God, one of them being a successful local preacher. To God be all the glory! Amen.

THE TWO SHIRTMAKERS.

The following instance of extreme poverty and distress came under my notice one day in Stepney, and I give it here for the sake of showing to what straits the industrious poor are often reduced in the great metropolis and its suburbs.

I visited a man and his wife, who were both ill with fever, and had lost two of their seven children from the same complaint within a few days. On the day I called, one child was in his coffin, awaiting burial, and lying in the same room as the poor father and mother. On their bed I observed a large quantity of shirts, ready to be made up, with needles, thread, buttons, etc. I was somewhat surprised at the eagerness of the man, who several times raised himself up in bed and, after threading a needle, fell back again on his pillow. I suggested that as the funeral was to take place almost immediately, it would be better to put the work aside for a time. The wife nodded assent, and I carefully placed the work on an old chest; but the man kept the needles and thread tightly grasped in his hand.

Seeing my astonishment, he said, "O sir, we cannot afford to lose time; we are almost starving now," and he became much affected.

"Starving!" I exclaimed, "with all this work! Impossible."

"Ah, you said *work*," cried the poor sufferer; "but what is the *pay*?"

"I cannot say."

"Then guess the price," he growled out. I was silent.

"*Two-and-sixpence per dozen*," he continued; "and we must make them well or we do not get that. We can't lose time, although death is in the house."

I was deeply moved at what I saw and heard, and gave them some little assistance and prayed with and for them.

As I left the house, I could not refrain from asking myself, "Is it true that there is *no* slavery in Old England?"



IX.

Jack Ashore and Afloat.

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A LAND SHARK.

ONE morning a young sailor came to me in great distress. He had been lodging in Ratcliffe Highway, and had been robbed of all he possessed. I went with him to the house indicated, but was told the landlord was out; and when I called again, half an hour afterwards, I had the same announcement shouted in my ears. I then said I would return in an hour with a cab for the seaman's box. On my doing so the landlord affirmed that the sailor owed him "a lot of money," and he would not give it up till he was paid. I replied that was only right, and if he would make out the bill, he should be paid. He smiled and said,

"You are a good man to help the destitute."

In a very short time he presented me with a bill for £3 17s. 9½d., and demanded the money.

I replied, "You can deduct this from the

£14 10s. 6d. of this man's money. You have had all that: now deduct the sum, and give me the balance, or pay the man himself."

He declared he had not seen a penny of the sailor's money, and would keep the box till he was paid. I told him what he said was false: he had had the money; I had got his signature in my possession, and, unless he gave up the property, I should take the case to the police-court.

On hearing this the wretched man became so infuriated that he poured on me a volley of abuse, threatening me with his knife, and using language too awful to be recorded. By the mercy of God I was kept calm and collected. At length he declared he would fetch a policeman, and have me put out. But, after a short time, instead of a policeman, a boy was sent to us with the sailor's box and the balance of money due to him, and we removed the things safely to a house close by. Next morning the poor seaman, with grateful heart, started home to his mother and friends.

WHAT THE SHIP'S COOK THOUGHT OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

Distributing tracts one day on the river, I found some of the men smoking, others reading; and on

conversing with the captain about his crew, and asking whether any of them were religious,

"O yes," he informed me, "our cook is: he got changed at your chapel a while back, and he lets us know it too: he can't read or pray to himself, and in the 'galley' he gets all alive. If you come a little before we have our meeting,"—referring to a service which I had agreed to hold on board at seven o'clock—"you will find him holding forth to himself."

I went rather early to the ship, and the captain seeing me, nodded his head towards the "cook-house," and said, "He's in there."

I went forward, and soon heard the good cook reading aloud, and, peeping through the door, saw him with a Bible open on his knees. Being an indifferent scholar, he was compelled to spell most of the words.

He was reading the nineteenth Psalm, and it was beautiful to watch this old sailor pondering over some of the verses, and then raising his eyes to heaven and exclaiming, "This is grand! Praise the good Lord."

I was much struck with his reading and comments, which ran somewhat as follows:—

"'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:' yes, that's true; I knows my sins are forgiven. 'The testimony of the Lord is sure, making

wise the simple.' I was the most simple, but I am getting wise. 'The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:' can't say yet what these 'statutes' are, but the Bible does make me rejoice. 'The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes:' yes, I believe it. Once I was blind, but now I can see, and all through this blessed book," striking his hand upon the Bible.

"'The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:' yes, nothing can shake it. 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether:' yes, my soul believes it. 'More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold.'"

Here the old cook stopped for a few moments, and, shutting his eyes, said, "Gold, gold: I likes gold, and Marg'ret"—his wife—"she likes it too, when she can get it. But this word is better than gold."

Then, with smiling face and tearful eyes, he closed the precious volume, observing, "'Tis 'more to be desired than gold,' and 'sweeter' to my taste 'than honeycomb;'" and, kneeling down, he prayed for light and wisdom from heaven, that this blessed book might be more and more a guide to him through this wilderness world.

UNSHIPPED FOR PREACHING.

A friend of mine was in the habit of holding religious services on board his vessel every Lord's Day, wind and weather permitting, and many of his crew and passengers have been converted to God through his instrumentality. Some parties in New Zealand, connected with the firm which employed him, wrote home to complain of him, stating that Captain —— was too religious, and expressing a fear that the house would suffer unless a check were put upon him. Accordingly he was told that unless he altered his conduct in this respect, he would be discharged on his return to England ; and he was requested to take three days to consider the question, and then to let the firm have his answer.

The captain replied, "I do not want three days to consider ; you can have the answer now."

But no, he was to consider.

The matter was mentioned to me, and in our class-meeting we prayed much for this captain and the firm. On the third day he gave his answer, and it was to this effect : he would do his best for the owners, but if the passengers did not object to his preaching, he must continue to do so. The reply was, "Very well, then on your return you

must leave the ship." The ship went out, and had a most prosperous voyage in every respect. Services were held on board morning and evening, and many were led to the Saviour.

On reaching home, when all was settled, the captain was called into the office and told,

"Well, captain, you have *not* done as we required you. You will remember what was said ; you will have to leave the ship."

"Sorry for it," was the reply ; "she has had a good run and paid well ?"

"O yes ; nothing to complain of," said the owner ; "she has done well, never better. But there is our word, and that is our bond."

"Well," said the captain, "I suppose you do not object to give me a letter to some other house ; for I have done my duty as a servant to you ever since I entered your employ."

"Do not be in a hurry," said the gentleman ; "for, although we never deviate from our word when it is given, and therefore you must leave the ship ; yet—it is only to be removed to one of our best vessels, since we feel that a man who thus honours his God is too good to lose. And here is a cheque for twenty pounds as an acknowledgment of our respect and confidence." Such was the happy issue of one of the trials of a good man's life.

THE PRODIGAL SON RESTORED.

Some few years ago, when I was distributing tracts to sailors on the river, a young man, who seemed to be in great poverty and distress, asked me for a few coppers in order to procure food and a night's lodging. From his conversation I found that he had had a good education ; but he would not inform me who or what he was, except that he was a sailor and needed help ; and unless that help came soon he should "shorten" his "life by one way or another." These words were uttered with so much determination that I trembled for the consequences, and promised to be his friend if he would reveal his name, agreeing to keep it quite secret till he should give me permission to write to his friends. At length he told me that his father was a minister living in the London District, and it was a very honoured name that he mentioned.

Finding him to be in a very dirty and diseased state, and that no one would take him in, I went with him to the Mission premises, put him in a warm bath, burnt all the clothes he had on, and, by the kind help of the late Mrs. Patterson and of the minister there, clothed him from head to foot. When thus "rigged out," he presented rather a singular appearance ; for his trowsers were rather

short and his coat too long. However, he was both clothed and clean at last. For six weeks I found him food and lodging, and then was fortunate enough to procure him a good ship about to sail for China.

A few days before he sailed I had the pleasure of accompanying him to his father's house. When he saw his lost son once more, the old gentleman could not speak for some minutes; but when he recovered sufficiently, he lifted his hands to heaven and cried,

"Thanks to my heavenly Father! O that his mother had lived to see this blessed day!"

The mother had not long been dead, and it requires no stretch of imagination to picture the pleasure which the sight of her son, "clothed and in his right mind," would have given her. For during those six weeks the young man had afforded clear evidence of a change of heart. The captain with whom he was about to sail was a pious man, and promised to take an interest in him, and to look after him as well as he could. So the vessel went out on its voyage with many prayers for all on board, but especially for the minister's son. Both on the voyage out and on the return home religious services were held on board, and were Divinely blessed to a gracious revival of religion. In subsequent years the young man rose rapidly

into a good position, and now holds an excellent situation in the City of London, and is a consistent member of a Christian Church.

"NO MORE SUNDAY SAILING FOR ME."

Captain M——, of Glasgow, had been converted to God through reading the Bible during a long illness at sea. He had often sailed from different ports on the Sabbath; but when the Lord spoke peace to his soul, he at once made a vow that he would never set sail again on that sacred day, but would do his best to keep it holy. Before long his resolution was put to the test, and his faith severely tried, not in London but in China. One Friday, when the cargo was nearly all stowed in, the agent said, "Captain, you will not get away before Sunday; but all will be ready then."

"I shall not get out till Monday," rejoined the captain; "for I do not intend breaking the Sabbath-day by sailing."

The agent was surprised at this announcement, and, having some interest in the vessel, declared that unless he did sail on the Sunday, he should report him to the London house, and then he might lose his berth.

"Then, again," he continued, "you are certain not to have this wind, this fine trade wind, till Monday. Captain L—— sailed last Sunday week, and your vessel is not so quick sailing as his. Come, don't stand on trifles ; be a man."

"That's my object," replied the captain, "and I shall endeavour to keep the Sabbath holy."

"Then I shall report you," said the agent, "and you will be unshipped."

"Sir," the captain answered, "we shall have a fair breeze on Monday, and all will be well."

On the Sunday the wind changed and was "dead set." This so pleased the agent that he went down to the vessel in the afternoon. When he arrived on board, the captain was in his closet at prayer. As soon as he came on deck, the agent, pointing upward, said, with a sneer,

"How about the wind now? You might have been out this morning, but she's chopped right round, and she'll keep there."

"Wait till to-morrow," said the captain. "My God will not leave me now. I believe all will be well."

Monday came, and the God of Daniel heard His servant's prayer. The wind turned again in the night, and the ship sailed for London, while the captain sang :—

"This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
" 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

One morning I was standing on the poop of this ship, when the captain suddenly caught hold of my hand and asked,

"Do you see that vessel coming into the dock?"

"Yes," I replied; "I see her right enough."

"Bless the Lord," he cried; "that's the Sabbath-breaking captain. He came away fourteen days before me: I have passed him somewhere on the way home." Then pointing to the crane of the warehouse, he added, "There goes the last chest of tea out of *my* ship, just as *she* is coming in. Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen."

SHAVING THE CAPTAIN.

One day, when visiting the vessels down the river, I came across a captain who had been drinking for three days. His brother, who was his mate, said that his language was most dreadful, and made everybody on board unhappy. Going below, I found the captain in a terrible state: he

said he was going to the devil, and talked in a style unfit for repetition. After a while I persuaded him to go to bed, and in a few minutes he was fast asleep. When I called again to inquire after him,

"In a sound sleep," said the mate. "O, if we could get him to sign the pledge! He was once a member of society, but has fallen through drink."

About four o'clock I called again, and found him awake and apparently sober. I now spoke to him about his sainted mother, his drinking habits, his wretched home, and advised him to abstain and to sign the pledge. To this at last he consented, and signed accordingly; and I prayed God to help him to keep it.

A little after seven in the evening I called on him once more, and said,

"I am come to fetch you to chapel and to prayer-meeting."

"Me—to chapel? Not if I know it," he replied; and, stroking his chin, added, "Look, I have not shaved for three or four days."

I told him of a barber close at hand, and suggested that he could go ashore and be shaved without any one seeing him. But he was determined not to leave the ship in such a "dirty state." So I inquired if he possessed a good razor.

"Ay, as good as ever went over a man's chin."

The mate fetched some hot water down, and I told the captain that he was to sit still, and I would shave him for nothing. At first he refused, but our eloquence overcame his scruples, and, having a good razor, I think I shaved him easily and well. After he had finished off with a good wash, we all came ashore to the chapel. The service had begun, and some one was repeating the hymn, "Jesu, lover of my soul." Just as we reached the vestry door, the captain fell down on his knees, saying,

"That was our hymn on a Sunday night when mother was alive."

We persuaded him to get up and go into the room; and if ever a man was in distress and in earnest for mercy, that was the man.

Two days after he went to sea again, and I saw nothing of him for some time, till one day, when walking in the City with a friend, he stopped me to say that he was then coming down to the chapel, to let us know he had kept the pledge, and with his wife had joined "the old body" again. Since then, he holds on his way, and pays us a visit at every opportunity, to report progress and gratefully recount the "tender mercy" of the Most High.

"ALL TARRED WITH THE SAME BRUSH."

The captain of a collier, having lately been converted to God, and being desirous of commencing family prayer on his ship, asked me to breakfast with him next morning, and to introduce the subject to the crew.

I went to the vessel, and when the meal was over stepped into the fore-castle, and mentioned to the men the captain's wish, telling them that I should be glad to meet in the cabin all who chose to join in the holy exercise. All came, except two, who remained behind to "have a smoke."

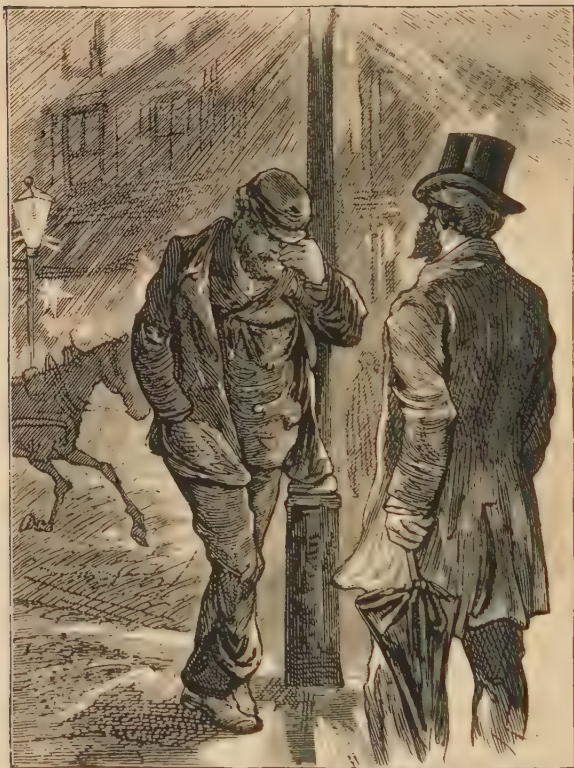
After reading and praying, the captain said, "Well, my lads, I am glad to see so many come to prayers ; God willing, I mean to continue them morning and evening, wind and weather permitting."

In a few days the ship left London, and did not return for several months.

One Friday evening, at the prayer-meeting, the minister, observing a seaman weeping, asked me to speak to him.

I did so, and inquired if he was seeking Jesus.

"O no," he answered, "I found Him on the sea. Don't you remember me? I belong to the ship *Ruby*, where you began family prayer for the



THE BEST PLACE FOR A PENITENT,

captain ; and there has been a blessed work on board. We are all converted,—*all tarred with the same brush*. The ship is just arrived in the Basin, and I could not help running up to thank God for His goodness in saving all the crew.”

THE BEST PLACE FOR A PENITENT.

After a very powerful sermon had been delivered by a popular minister, a sailor left the chapel for his lodgings, but was in such distress of mind that he turned down the wrong street, and, coming to a lamp-post, was leaning against it, weeping, when a gentleman, passing and seeing him, inquired what was the cause of his distress.

“My sins,” replied Jack, “are pressing me so heavily that I know not what to do, nor where to go.”

Taking him by the arm, the kind stranger said,

“Come with me, my friend ; I will take you to a place.”

When they reached the Seamen’s Chapel, the gentleman said,

“I am not a Methodist, but I will take you in here ; for I know it’s the best place for a penitent.”

We thanked him for his attention, and took the

sailor into the prayer-meeting, where the poor fellow sank upon his knees, crying,

“O, my sins! my sins! Lord, save my soul!”

Prayer was made for him, but for some time it seemed of no avail. About ten o'clock a friend commenced singing, “My God is reconciled,” and wished the young man to join in ; but he answered,

“No! I don't feel that He is reconciled, and I won't say it.”

After a little more prayer another friend repeated the hymn, “Just as I am, without one plea,” and the sailor followed him word by word, till, in uttering the verse, “Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,” the Lord revealed Himself to the penitent man, and he shouted “Glory!” louder than I had ever heard it before. On leaving the vestry and shaking hands, his parting remark was,

“'Tis true what he said: a Methodist prayer-meeting is ‘the best place for a penitent.’”

HOW TO “LICK” THE DEVIL.

In the Seamen's Reading-room, one Sunday afternoon, a sailor gave us an account of his conversion to God, and told us how for many years he had enjoyed much of the Divine presence, but of late had been troubled with a certain temptation,

namely, that he had been and was deceiving himself. He desired the friends to remember him in their prayers, that God might increase his faith and confirm his hope.

When he had sat down, a Yorkshire captain stood up and spoke as follows:—

"My dear lad, I will tell you what to do; go and lick the devil as I did a few years back. And it was after this fashion. When in class or chapel, the devil used to say, 'You ain't like that Christian, not half so good;' and then he would whisper in my ear, 'You are not saved; you have never been born again;' and for weeks I was most unhappy. So, one night when I was alone in the cabin, the tempter came again: said I to myself, 'I'll settle this point at once.' So, taking out my Bible, I was soon on my knees, and said, 'O Lord, my God, Thou knowest my temptation and my trouble; I am coming to Thee for help and deliverance. Now, Lord, I shall close my eyes and then open Thy blessed Word; for Christ's sake give me one promise.' I then opened the book, and placed my finger on it; and said again, 'Blessed Saviour, if I am Thine, if my sins are forgiven, let this one passage give me comfort.' Well, I was almost afraid to open my eyes and look at the place; but I did look, and found my finger right on this verse: 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the

Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' Tears came into my eyes, and joy into my soul ; and I said, ' I do believe it, Lord ; I believe it all and confess it all.' And, bless His holy name, the old serpent has not troubled me since. Lick him like that, my lad, and you will soon overcome. Hallelujah to the Lamb."

A SAILOR'S WANTS.

Walking in High Street, Poplar, one morning, I espied on the opposite side of the way a seaman whom I thought I knew. When I had crossed over and shaken him by the hand, he said,

" O sir, I am glad to see you. Do pray for me ; for I want—I want——"

He could not proceed beyond this mystic utterance. I then remembered to have visited him in the London Hospital. On leaving that institution cured, he came the following Sunday to the Seamen's Chapel, to return thanks to Almighty God ; and on leaving the chapel, inquired if I could give him a few tracts and an old hymn-book. Knowing his circumstances, I gave him a new one, and he promised to learn a few verses and sing them when

at sea. Seeing him on the morning mentioned above, and finding him in such deep sorrow, I offered him a little money. Holding up his hands, he exclaimed, with surprise,

"No, no, no! I have plenty of money; that is not my want; but, the hymn you gave me—I like it much, but reading it has made me weep, and has led to all my present wants."

He then, with uplifted eyes, cried out,

"I want

" 'A pardon written with His blood,
The favour and the peace of God.'

"I want

" 'The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence.'

"I want

" 'The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart.'

"I *do* want

" 'The tears that tell' my 'sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft' my 'soul to heaven.'"

With pleasure I pointed this wanting soul to the promises of Jesus, and bade him trust his all upon Christ; and so we parted.



X.

Drink and its Effects.

—:0:—

“AIN’T HE PLUCKY, BLESS HIM?”

I N my travels one afternoon I met with a large concourse of people shouting and laughing to their hearts’ content. I soon found that the cause of their delight was a fight which was going on between two boys, one about ten, the other about twelve years of age. Both of them had been maddened with whisky, and were fighting like wild beasts: their faces were covered with blood, and one of them had lost part of an ear, which had been bitten off by his opponent, and was hanging on his long hair.

For some time I tried to find a policeman, but in vain. I then endeavoured to force my way into the “ring,” in order to stop this fearful combat: but the brutal men and women pushed me back, saying, “Let ’em have it out: you mind your business, master.”

At length, stooping down, I managed to get into the ring, just as the boys were parted by their seconds for a little "breathing," when a female came up, and, wiping the blood from the mouth of the younger boy, said to me, with a fiendish smile,

"Ain't he plucky, bless him? ain't he plucky? He shall have a stiff glass if he can only lick the t'other chap."

"Where is his mother?" I asked.

"Sure enough, I am his mother, and I'll stick to him to the end."

"No," I replied, "you cannot be his mother, to behave in this cruel, wicked manner. You must be some fallen spirit sent from the bottomless pit. Surely you are not a woman!"

At these words she cried, "Time's up! let the gem'man see how you can fight."

But the "gem'man" held the lad, and declared the fight was over, when such a fearful burst of imprecations fell upon my ears as I shall not soon forget. My hat was knocked over my eyes, but I led the boy off to the pavement, and handed him to his father, who had just heard of his drunken wife's disgraceful conduct. After thanking me, he exclaimed,

"I am a ruined man through my wife's drinking habits!"

WANTED—A RAGGED-SCHOOL FOR MOTHERS.

Passing down a lane in the East of London, I noticed a little boy and girl, who after going past a public-house, and walking a little way beyond, returned to the house, and, looking in at the door, said,

“Do, mother, come home, please, and give us some bread.”

At these words a wretched creature ran out of the house, with long dishevelled hair and ragged garments, and, catching hold of the girl, cursed and swore at her in a most awful manner, forbidding her ever to follow her again: then, with an accompaniment of kicks and blows, she ordered the child to go home and tell her brother that she would “skin him alive” on her return.

Following the children down the lane, I found they had not tasted food since the previous afternoon; so I took them into a coffee-house and gave them bread-and-butter and coffee. But before they tasted it, the little things put their hands together, closed their eyes, and said “grace.” Sitting down by them, I listened to their conversation. After a while the little girl threw her arm round the boy’s waist and said,

“We will say our prayers again to-morrow, won’t we, Johnnie? You could hardly finish this

morning 'Give us this day—our daily bread ;' but so glad you got through it. You see it's come, and butter with it."

"Ah, you so much better than me," was his reply.

I asked them where they had learnt that prayer.

"O, at the ragged-school, sir. We can't get there often, 'cause mother locks us up in the room sometimes when she goes drinking; but when she is sober, she lets us go. Please, sir, is there a ragged-school for women like poor mother? We want her to be good like our teacher."

Poor little children!

THE MADMAN AND HIS PISTOL.

One afternoon a lady came with an earnest request that I would pay an immediate visit to a house which she mentioned; adding,

"I am afraid there will be mischief soon, unless some one calls."

I went with her, and found that the person from whom some act of violence was feared was a captain whom I knew well, and who, with his family, had lately come to lodge there. For the last few weeks he had been drinking to such excess, that his wife was in danger of her life; for in his

drunken fits he had often threatened to murder her.

I found him in bed, shouting, "She shall not come here. If she does, I'll blow her brains out." And, taking a pistol from under his pillow, he began swinging it over his head, crying, "It's well loaded : I'll take sure aim if she does enter this room."

I asked him if he had loaded it on the *new* principle.

At this question he was surprised ; "did not know there were two ways of loading."

I told him there was a new way, and if he would allow me to have it, I would show him how it was done. He laughed at me and said,

"Think I am a fool? Once in your hands, you will not give it back. Swear to me. Put your hand on that Bible : its *hers*, you know."

Placing my hand on the book, I said,

"By this book I declare you shall have the pistol back as soon as I have reloaded it."

He gave it to me, and I told him that he should see the new principle of loading, at which he rubbed his hands with delight, and laughed like a maniac. After drawing the charges, I told him the new principle was to put the shots—they were common sparrow shots—in *first*, and the powder on the top.

Having carried this innocuous principle into

practice, I gave him back the pistol; and, placing it under his pillow again, he asked,

"Will it make much noise?"

I answered, "No, not quite so much as on the old plan."

In the meantime I had requested that a medical man should be called in. In about two hours the doctor arrived. The captain was lying with his eyes fixed on the ceiling; the moment the new comer entered he rose up to fight him, but with a blow he was laid upon the floor. It was some time before we could bind him and get him on the bed. Then the doctor pronounced him to be mad, and, after securing him on the bed, we left. The next day he was conveyed away, and on the third day he died, raving mad, at the age of forty-five.

Thus did this strong man, through his love for drink, shorten his days; dying with curses on his lips, and leaving behind him a wife and five children unprovided for. Surely "the wages of sin is death."

HOW A WIFE'S FORTUNE WAS SPENT.

One Sunday afternoon a lady desired me to visit a sick person in Burdett Road. Going with her

immediately, I found a young married lady lying very ill on a sofa in the drawing-room. She was apparently in much distress of mind, and could not speak for some minutes. When at length she was able to do so, she gave me the following account of herself:

“My parents were very religious indeed, and brought me up to attend church and take the sacrament; but they died when I was rather young, leaving me about four thousand pounds. Soon after this I was prevailed upon to marry;”—here she was again deeply affected—“but I soon found my husband was fond of other women and of the bottle. I have not attended church for a long time, because he leads me such a life if I go out. I gave up my fortune to him, and with it we furnished this house, and might have been happy for many years to come; but he has spent almost all the money, and through his unkindness to me I am fast sinking into the grave, and am not prepared to meet my Saviour. I need advice and prayer. This lady is the only person to whom I have opened my mind. Tell me, is there mercy for one who has so long neglected God’s house?”

And taking her handkerchief, she hid her face and sobbed bitterly.

I read some of the promises to her, and was just

kneeling down to pray with her when a loud knock and ring were heard.

"O, 'tis he," she cried. "What shall I do? Hide, sir, hide, or leave the house."

I begged her to be calm, reminding her that I was doing my Master's work, and was safe in His hands. By this time the servant had opened the door, and the husband walked into the house, accompanied by a female. He was the worse for drink, but knew well what he was saying. I rose from my chair and bowed to him, and he acknowledged the attention; then, walking up to the sofa on which his wife was lying, he took the handkerchief off her face. She was weeping, and looked most imploringly at him, and then at his companion, and tried several times to speak, but her voice failed her. Then her husband exclaimed,

"Good God! what, not dead yet? How long is this suspense to last?" and throwing the handkerchief back into her face, he added, "I hope when I return home, you will be dead and stiff in your coffin."

Turning to me, and seeing the Bible in my hand, he cried,

"Make haste and make a good prayer for her, for she needs it;" and taking up his hat, this heartless monster left the house arm in arm with his gay companion.

The poor lady died next day; and the man who first robbed and then *murdered* her, gave her a splendid funeral. To such a man "What will the harvest be?"

A HUSBAND'S REMORSE.

A seaman whom I had known for many years came home from New Zealand, and was paid off at Tower Hill, receiving a considerable sum of money. His wife, who had been ill for some time, was waiting for this to enable her to pay some little bills. But no sooner was the man in possession of his money than he began to spend it rapidly at the public-houses, and for a whole fortnight was not sober, his wife and children meantime being much neglected. One evening he came home rather earlier than usual, and, going upstairs, found that his wife was asleep: he then quietly went to his drawer and took out some more money. But as he shut the bedroom door his wife awoke, and, knowing her husband's step, called her little girl and said,

"Tell your father I want him upstairs."

She did so, when the man called from the foot of the stairs,

"What do you want me for?"

"Dear James, will you come up? and I will tell you."

"No! I sha'n't come up. What is it you want? Come, be quick!"

"Please, James, will you stay at home this one evening? I am so ill: do stay at home this one night, and I will never ask you to stay another: but I do feel so bad."

The brutal reply was, "You go and be d——d!"

And the husband left the house. The poor woman wept, prayed, and kissed her child; then lay down again on her pillow, saying,

"O, my poor heart! it's beating like a bird in a cage."

Her daughter said,

"Go to sleep, dear mother; you will be better then; and try to forget father. 'Tis the drink makes him so rough; when he gets sober again, he will be gentle and kind, as he once was."

The mother closed her eyes, and the little nurse made her bed as comfortable as possible.

Hour after hour passed away, but the man did not return. Early in the morning the poor woman opened her eyes, and asked the child,

"Is he come in?"

"No, mother."

"Give me a kiss, child; and tell your father, when he comes home, I died praying for him."

"Die, mother? You must not die; I won't let you. See what nice tea and toast I have made you."

The mother closed her eyes; and the child said gently, "Oh, so glad you are going to sleep; I will tuck you up nice and warm." Then she went and sat down by the fire, whispering, "Oh, dear father! do come home soon. I feel as if I was not well, and keep shivering."

At last a knock at the door was heard; it was the father, who had been turned out of a public-house, and was still under the influence of drink. The little girl opened the door, saying,

"Walk upstairs gentle, please, dear father; mother's gone to sleep. She kept awake, O so long; wanted to see you about something. She does talk so different, saying, 'O, one night! Stay only one night;' and 'Stay at home, James.' Will you tell me all about it while she sleeps? Perhaps she will sleep herself well again."

The man walked upstairs as softly as he could; looking at his wife, he found her with her eyes closed; a strange feeling came over him, and he said,

"Wifey, wifey! are you asleep, wifey? What, won't you forgive your Jem this once?"

But no answer came.

"Come, give me your hand and a kiss, and let bygones be bygones."

Still no answer. He then took hold of her hand, and stooped down to kiss her lips, but started up, crying,

"O my God, my God! She is dead!"

He tried to lift up her head, but her spirit had returned "to God who gave it." The wretched man broke out into the most fearful curses against the drink and public-houses, saying,

"I have killed the best of wives, ruined my home, and blasted the hopes of my family. O that I could die with her!"

Wringing his hands, he asked a pious neighbour,

"What can I do? I feel as though I should go mad."

"Sign the pledge," was the reply.

He followed that advice, and has never tasted liquor since; and on the Sabbath he is found with his children in the house of God.

ROBBING THE DYING DAUGHTER.

At the time when the cholera was so prevalent in London, and when there were many deaths from it, a committee was formed for giving relief to the poor and suffering; but there was so much imposition practised that it was decided to visit most of the cases in which people came for money to bury

their dead, etc. At the request, therefore, of the Wesleyan minister, I gave up my mission work in order to visit the list of cases given me by the committee. In the course of my visiting it was my lot to witness such gross immorality as could not be detailed in print. I will give but one minor example out of many.

I visited an Irish family in Ratcliffe, in which the married daughter was dying from this dreadful complaint. Father, mother, four other children, and several neighbours were all in the room; and the sufferer was lying on the floor, covered with an old horse-cloth. I gave them all that was necessary, and after praying with the dying woman, left with a promise that I would call in the afternoon. On calling again I found her much weaker, and kneeling down to wash her mouth, saw her mother come to the other side and put her hand under the old bed-cover, quickly drawing it back again, but not before her dying daughter detected the movement, and said faintly,

“O mother, don’t, O don’t! Leave it for Tim”
—her husband.

I was quite unaware what this meant, till the mother left the room, and returned with a pawn-ticket and a bottle of whisky. Then I found she had taken her daughter’s ring from her finger, pawned it, and with the proceeds purchased this

whisky. Taking an old broken cup, and wiping it out with her apron, she half filled it with the accursed contents of the bottle, and, having tasted a little, she came kneeling down to her dying child, and said,

"The gem'man says you'll soon be gone; take a drop, my poor honey."

The poor creature turned her head towards me, saying, "Not a drop, it will kill me."

I pushed the mother's hand away, and told her she was a disgrace to her sex, and that she must throw the drink away immediately.

"Ah, ah! so I will," she said; "and here goes," drinking it herself on her knees.

Shortly after this the young woman died, and I closed her eyes, leaving her to be attended to by her neighbours, her own family being too much under the influence of drink.

Here it is fitting that I should return my most hearty thanks to Almighty God for His great goodness in shielding me during the time of that awful visitation. I have seen persons in every stage of that dire disease, at all hours of the day and the night; yet neither myself nor any member of my family suffered at all in our health.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE POOR DRUNKARD.

On my road one evening I saw a drunken sailor turned out of a beer-shop, with his face all blackened, and without his coat. He had been enticed in, made drunk, and lost his money. Several boys and girls were following him and making game of him, and these he cursed with bitter language. I spoke soothingly to him, telling him that I loved the English sailor; and taking his arm, and walking with him some distance, I inquired if his mother was living, and if she attended any place of worship. He stopped immediately, and, taking off his cap, said,

"God Almighty, Maker of all worlds, bless my poor old mother! A better mother never lived: she used to take me and my brother Bill to the Primitive chapel twice a day, and talk to us of our duty to God. Ah, well, sir, she is right for the Kingdom, she is, no mistake."

I told him how pleased I was to find that his mother was so good and pious; and, looking him in the face, I said,

"But what about the two sons? Come, tell me."

He began to weep, and turned into a gin-shop, saying,

"O, sir, I'll die, I feels bad."

I remained with him till he was willing to come out into the street, and then he gave me an astounding revelation of his past life and bad conduct.

I procured him a quiet lodging, and the following day took him to his mother's house. Ultimately I prevailed on him to sign the pledge, and am thankful to say he has kept it. One Sunday afternoon, a few months after the above occurrence, he and his mother attended our meeting, and he related how, when reading the Bible far out at sea, peace came at last to his troubled spirit.

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